# HEAVY METAL®

March 1982
$2.00
WPS 36587

The adult illustrated fantasy magazine

SPECIAL ROCK SECTION IN THIS ISSUE!

0 70989 36587 03

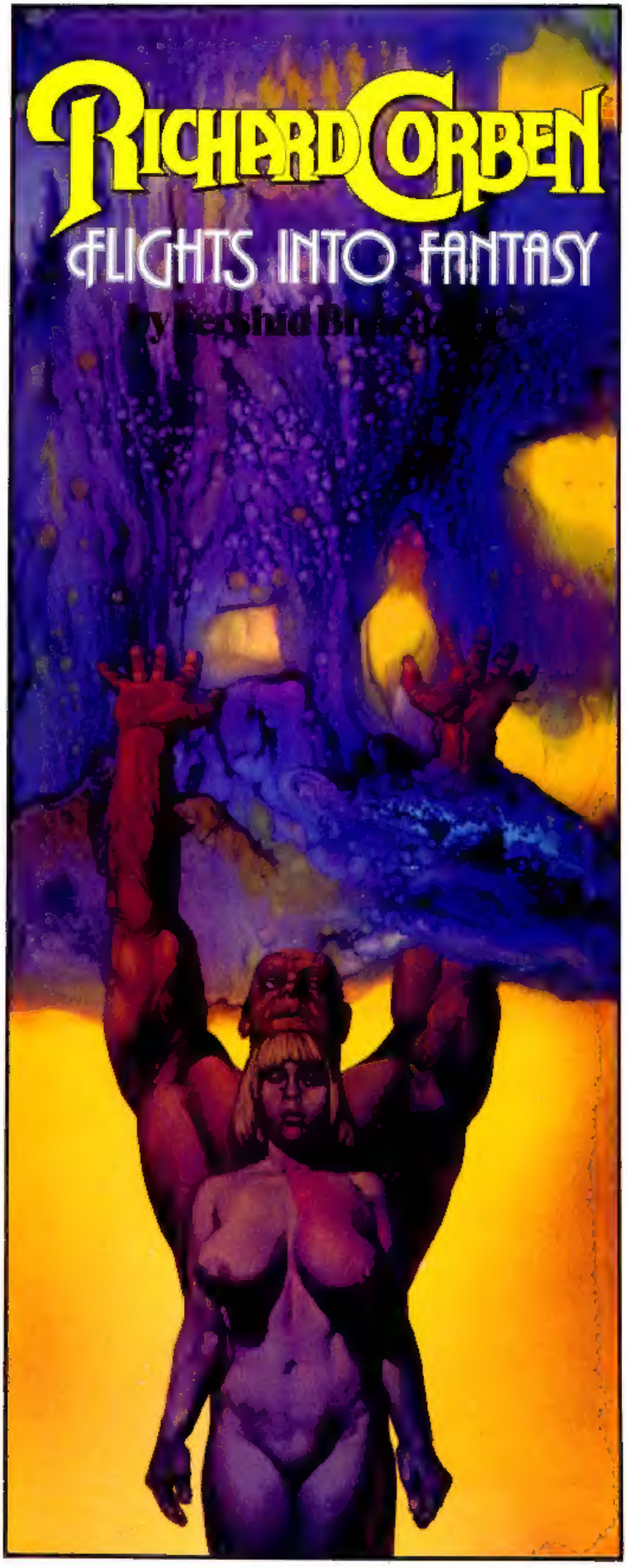
# THE DEFINITIVE CORBEN

A magnificent tribute to one of the world's greatest comic book artists, this lavishly illustrated volume spans the prolific and many-faceted artistic career of Richard V. Corben.

Just how prolific he is, will become obvious from this book. Here for the first time are reproduced paintings and comics pages which are unknown even to Corben's most asiduous fans. Some of his earliest works — as well as his most recent drawings and paintings — are published here for the first time. Many of the paintings which were commissioned as book jackets can be seen here unmarred by titles and text. The selection was made in terms of quality in an effort to present the reader with a representative sampling of Corben's best and least-known work.

The well-paced text brings to life Corben's career, and the artist's love for his craft. His is a wide-ranging talent, and chapters have been devoted to his work in the fields of comics, animation, painting and sculpture. The 80 full-color pages include two stories, a sampling of his early work and a portfolio of over 40 paintings, which prove that besides being a major force in comics today, Corben is also a master of fantasy illustration.

An indispensable book for the Corben completist, this is also an excellent introduction to the work of an artist of astounding craftsmanship and fathomless imagination.




THUMB TACK BOOKS

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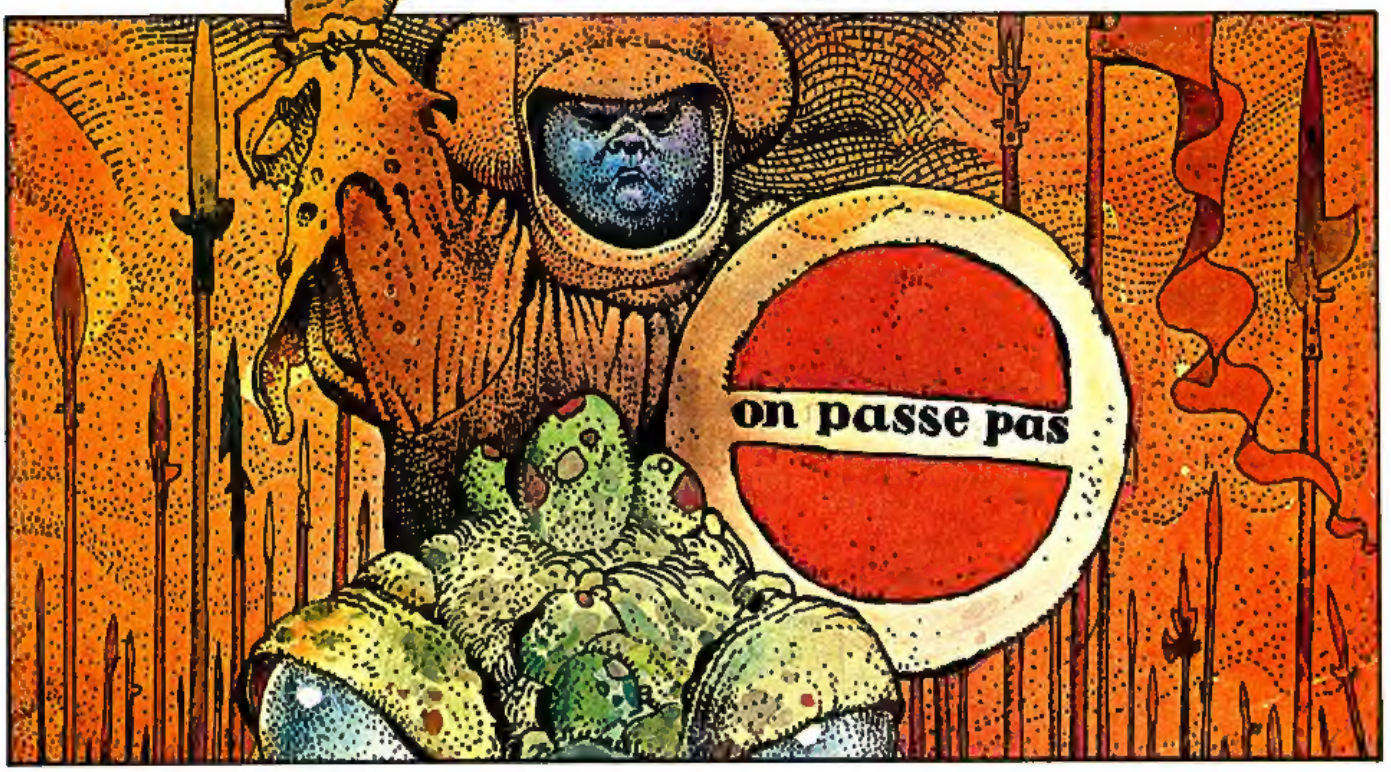


*Heavy Metal* is proud to present an extravaganza of Moebius material never before seen in the States. With eighty pages of full color, this retrospective is bound to delight anyone with a lust for fantasy, science fiction, adventure, the absurd, and sex (and occasionally absurd sex).

This fabulous anthology begins with a forty-four-page collaboration between Moebius and the noted film director Alexandro Jodorowsky (of *El Topo* fame). Their colorful strip "The Black Incal" offers intrigue and espionage fumbled by a second-rate detective and his goofy feathered sidekick.

We witness the signing at Wounded Knee and are invited to join Moebius and his family on a summer vacation, where, needless to say, we come across some real oddballs!

Plus: a gallery section, depicting a variety of topical illustrations. In this glorious full-color sixteen-page display, you will see everything from movie posters to Gerald Ford (huh?) to French science-fiction book ads to Western chivalry to soft porn.

Introduced by Federico Fellini, this book explores Moebius's multiple styles, a task never before undertaken by an American publisher.

Order today! Any way you look at it, this book is a must for the Moebius aficionado!

*Heavy Metal*, Dept. 382, 635 Madison Avenue, NYC, NY 10022
Please send me _____ copy (-ies) of *Moebius* at $2.95 (plus 75¢ for postage and handling) each.

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# EDITORIAL

Illustration by **David Allen**

As both science fiction and rock music have matured, the juncture of the two is closer than ever. This juncture exists not simply because of parallel (and often common) histories—though both have come from steet-level, commercially crass origins, went through their ghettoization, and then blossomed through a creative revolution, as both financially successful and worthy of critical analysis. They've also come to share similar hierarchies, aesthetic values, and futuristic ideas. This was never so clear to me as after I had seen *The Catherine Wheel*.

When I witnessed this Broadway collaboration between Talking Head David Byrne and modern dancer/choreographer Twyla Tharp, I was affected less by the performance than by the idea of such cooperation. Although the dance was not so impressive as Byrne's Afro-influenced rhythmic variations (now available in edited form on Sire Records), the gestalt was captivating. Costumes and set surpassed Tharp's usual simplicity. *The Catherine Wheel* itself—an elaborate bronze latticework fashioned like a floating mutant bicycle—provoked further thoughts on the contrasts already rampant in this work.

From its themes (the urban vs. the primitive; the technological vs. the spiritual) to its very context (vanguard new-wave music/modern dance on Broadway), *The Catherine Wheel* was more than just another happening; it was the conjunction of two polarities in the performing arts—dance, usually considered a "high art," and rock music, at the other end of the spectrum. These distinctions aren't that easily defined. In dance, ballet is really the high art. Tharp's modern herky-jerkisms have long been an anathema to ballet's conservatism. Byrne's intellectually self-conscious rock is hardly fashioned of the same crude stuff that characterized fifties street music or even modern corporate rock, against which his music reacts. Yet, Tharp's troupe bled respect from the hardest-assed pointy-nosed critics; Byrne's music still has a backbeat that arouses its audience to dance. Such blurred lines of contrast illustrate not only *The Catherine Wheel*'s effect as an interdisciplinary collaboration, but also a profound redefinition of high/low art, commercial/creative ideas, and, most important, collaboration/synthesis.

The collaboration between Tharp and Byrne represented an interaction but not a merging. Tharp was—in Hegelian terms—the thesis; Byrne, the antithesis. Though the synthesis didn't emerge, the possibility of its occurring was at hand. The next logical step is for something entirely new, with its own conceptual language, technical vocabulary, and social implications. *The Catherine Wheel* pointed out what is happening; the interaction of rock and sf points to what could happen.

Such a synthesis is forthcoming with the evolution of the postindustrial world. Machines are going beyond mere servitude. Through cybernetics, they are becoming mystical shamans granting wishes as well as fulfilling commands. In the post-industrial, high-tech world, we have become alienated from our primal roots, and the Old World institutions of culture, such as the traditional barriers between high art and mass culture, have yet to be replaced with something truly new and appropriate. In order to survive such changes, which bewilder, enswamp, and thoroughly disorient, we need to digest the new influences and new forces of culture (and try, as Jon Hassell's article in this issue suggests, to assimilate primary-culture forms in new ways). We must move on toward synthesis. *The Catherine Wheel* is one attempt; the conjunction between sf and rock, another.

Contemporary rock no longer derives from a basic R & B progression. Style and concept are no longer the immediate result of proximity to roots, but have evolved aesthetics on their own grounds which barely imitate the points of origin (as Elvis imitated southern black music). Nor does the best modern rock merely substitute bits and pieces of source material (as Emerson, Lake, and Palmer did with classical music). The English new wave and American bands like Devo have successfully incorporated the new technologies of synthesizer and studio, adding unusual rhythms and effects to form new musical vocabularies. Now we have rich stuff that would be "bebop–funk–pop–new wave" if we still followed the old considerations of criticism. Everything gets divided into smaller categories because so much is staking out new territories beyond the original confines of rock.

Rock has always suggested a crossroads for pop culture and high art as well. Once it had begun defining its own aesthetic in the early sixties, it began shifting toward other disciplines. Witness the association between Lou Reed's Velvet Underground and pop-art doyen Andy Warhol in the mid sixties (as *The Exploding Plastic Inevitable* happening), or Pink Floyd's dalliances with soundtrack music. The eruption of rock not only influenced but also created styles. Rock today dominates and often dictates fashion trends, such as the much touted "pirate look" born out of the English New Romantics. It has created fresh culture myths (Jim Morrison as death's poetic angel) and generated future-oriented media from laser light shows. (Remember the Fillmore's light shows?)

While rock was moving into its second age of grace in the sixties (the Beatles take the responsibility for this with their innovative sound techniques and composition, as does Dylan for borrowing from poetry), sf underwent a similar redefinition. Prompted by rock, the sixties new-wave sf not only assimilated refined literary techniques that integrated alternate realities into its very form and structure; it also pulled away from the first state of sf ideology—technology as mankind's unadulterated savior. Drugs had become so popular that their presence seeped into literature. Sf, like rock, was ripe for pharmacological effects. Stories by the likes of Ed Bryant, George R.R. Martin, Tom Disch, and J. G. Ballard don't seem particularly new-wave now, yet would have been fifteen years ago simply for their themes or refined techniques. But more than incidental alliances exist between sf authors and rock: writers like Norman Spinrad, John Shirley, and Mick Farren have made rock music while rock musicians like David Bowie and groups like Joy Division have either composed sf-oriented music or adapted sf stories for music (listen to J. D.'s *Atrocity Exhibition*, inspired by Ballard's experimental novel of the same name).

I suspect sf and rock will continue this intermingling until a virtually new medium is created. At least sf sensibilities will be filtered through the video/music connection, and dance like Tharp's will become a critical component for tape. (She's tested video before, composing several video dances that were shown on PBS a few years back.) Computer games are another example of this synthesis, given their science-fictional nature. (Are these the space-pilot training tools of the future?) They draw both sound and high-tech fury into a new context. The growing video matrix (cable, cassettes, and so on) will affect the course of human society—video grew naturally out of a synthesis of sound, film, and story, another collaboration in play.

This growing conjunction between sf and rock (and animation, video, and performance) bodes well not only for a new aesthetic but also suggests that we can always devise creative

*continued on page 83*

# THE COFFEE-TABLE BOOK OF THE YEAR ...IN FRENCH

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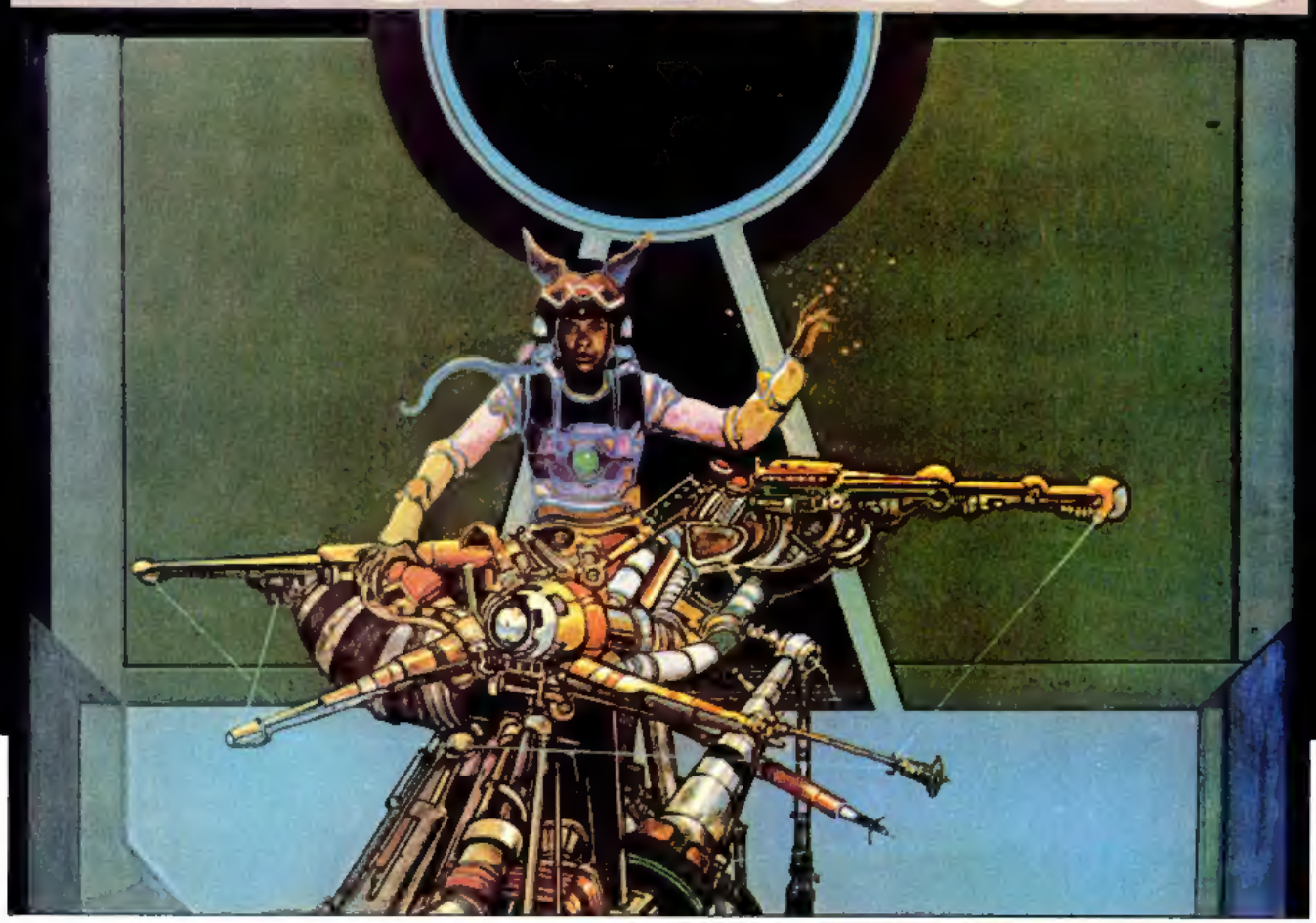

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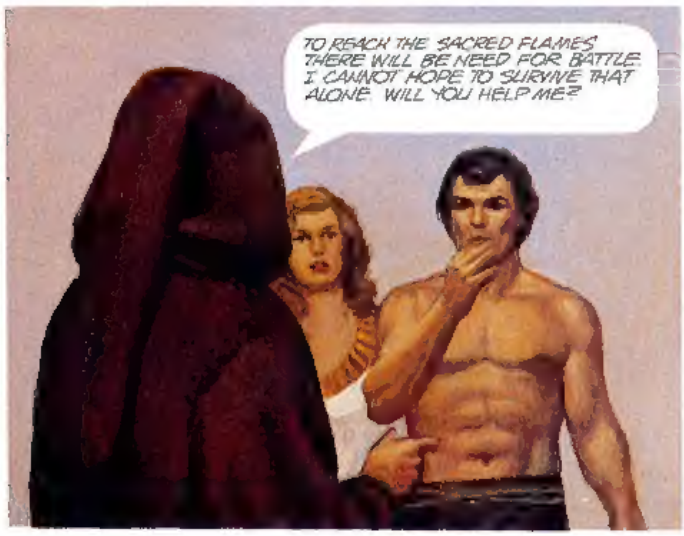
# THE MERCENARY

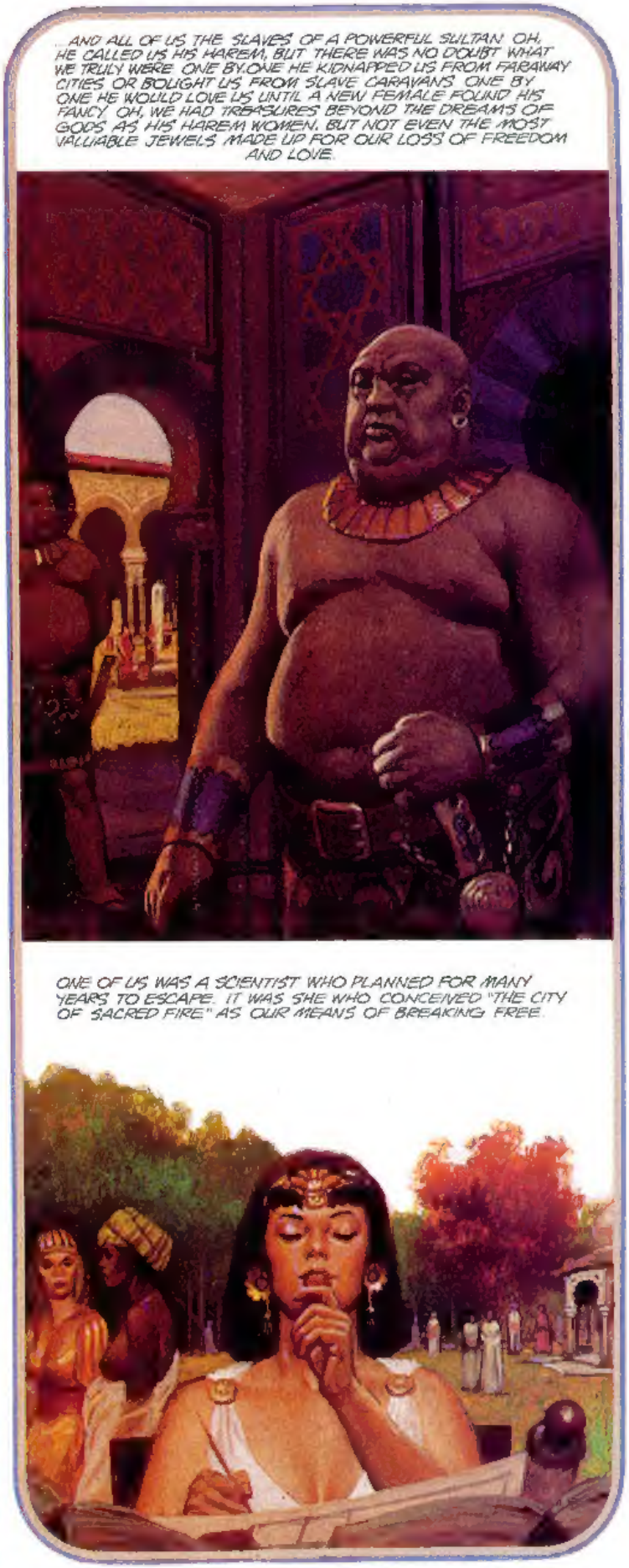
The Mercenary, having escaped, rescued the chief's daughter from her cell, and together they tried to find a way out of the floating prison. But despite their efforts they were going around in circles.

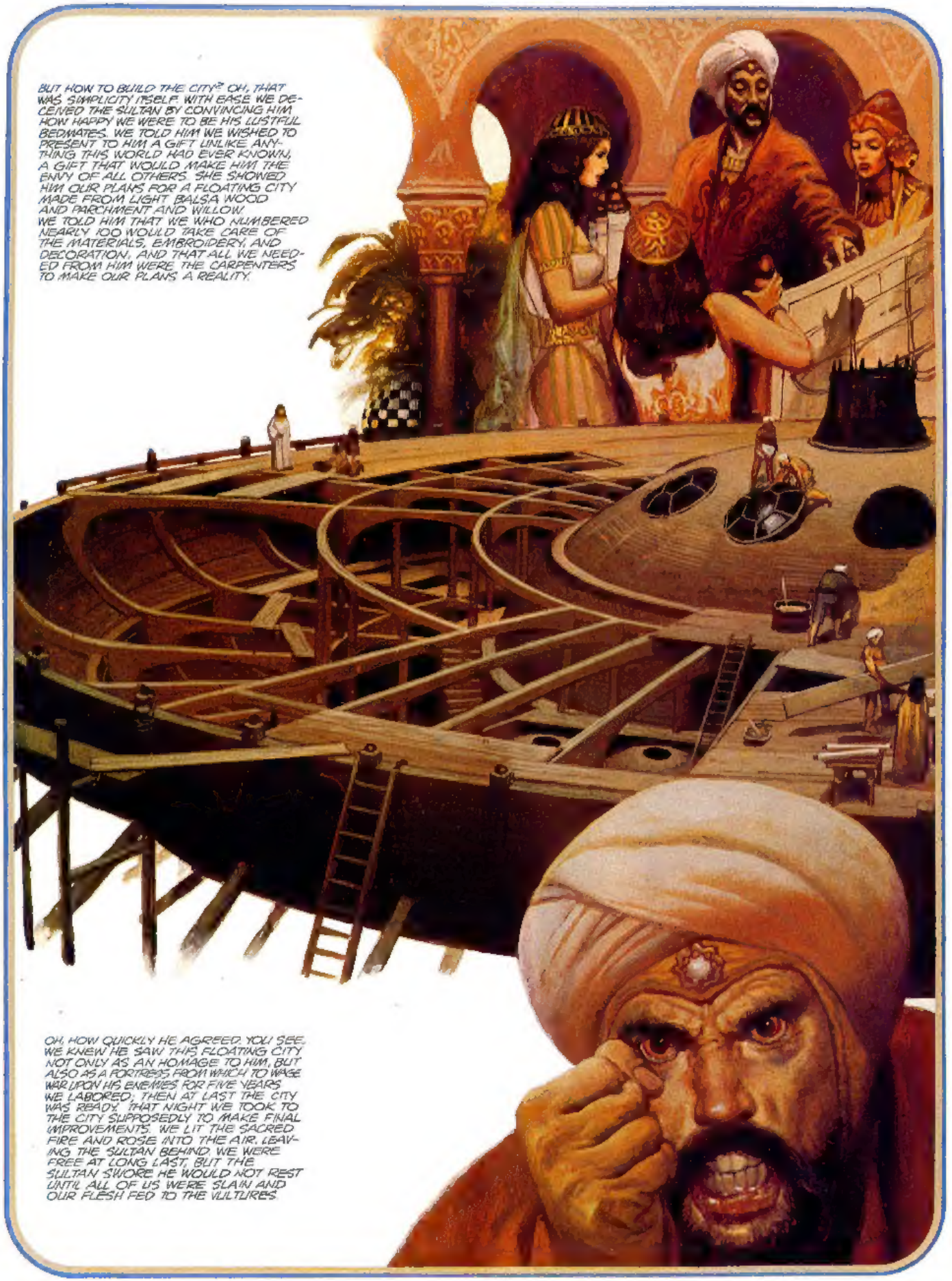
PLEASE, MY FRIEND, DO NOT FEAR ME. I AM THE ONE WHO THREW YOU THE DAGGER. I NEED YOUR HELP TO FREE ME FROM THIS FLOATING HELL PIT THAT HAS BECOME MY PRISON.

YOU WANT TO ESCAPE? BUT WHY DIDN'T YOU FLEE WHEN YOU SLAVERS COLLECTED YOUR ALCOHOL RANSOM?
PLEASE, BELIEVE ME, MERCENARY. ESCAPE WAS IMPOSSIBLE THEN. BUT IT IS QUITE POSSIBLE NOW— WITH YOUR AID.



YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT YOU ARE ASKING OF ME, OR THE RISKS I TAKE IN EVEN TALKING TO YOU. BUT, ALL RIGHT, IT IS NECESSARY THAT YOU TRUST ME. IF YOU HAD NOT GUESSED BEFORE, I AM A WOMAN, AS ARE ALL THE PEOPLE HERE—ALL OF US YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL...ALL OF US AT ONE TIME DESIRABLE


...AND ALL OF US THE SLAVES OF A POWERFUL SULTAN. OH, HE CALLED US HIS HAREM, BUT THERE WAS NO DOUBT WHAT WE TRULY WERE. ONE BY ONE HE KIDNAPPED US FROM FARAWAY CITIES OR BOUGHT US FROM SLAVE CARAVANS. ONE BY ONE HE WOULD LOVE US UNTIL A NEW FEMALE FOUND HIS FANCY. OH, WE HAD TREASURES BEYOND THE DREAMS OF GODS AS HIS HAREM WOMEN. BUT NOT EVEN THE MOST VALUABLE JEWELS MADE UP FOR OUR LOSS OF FREEDOM AND LOVE.
ONE OF US WAS A SCIENTIST WHO PLANNED FOR MANY YEARS TO ESCAPE. IT WAS SHE WHO CONCEIVED "THE CITY OF SACRED FIRE" AS OUR MEANS OF BREAKING FREE.


BUT HOW TO BUILD THE CITY? OH, THAT WAS SIMPLICITY ITSELF. WITH EASE WE DECEIVED THE SULTAN BY CONVINCING HIM HOW HAPPY WE WERE TO BE HIS LUSTFUL BEDMATES. WE TOLD HIM WE WISHED TO PRESENT TO HIM A GIFT UNLIKE ANYTHING THIS WORLD HAD EVER KNOWN, A GIFT THAT WOULD MAKE HIM THE ENVY OF ALL OTHERS. SHE SHOWED HIM OUR PLANS FOR A FLOATING CITY MADE FROM LIGHT BALSA WOOD AND PARCHMENT AND WILLOW. WE TOLD HIM THAT WE WHO NUMBERED NEARLY 100 WOULD TAKE CARE OF THE MATERIALS, EMBROIDERY, AND DECORATION, AND THAT ALL WE NEEDED FROM HIM WERE THE CARPENTERS TO MAKE OUR PLANS A REALITY.
OH, HOW QUICKLY HE AGREED. YOU SEE, WE KNEW HE SAW THIS FLOATING CITY NOT ONLY AS AN HOMAGE TO HIM, BUT ALSO AS A FORTRESS FROM WHICH TO WAGE WAR UPON HIS ENEMIES FOR FIVE YEARS WE LABORED, THEN AT LAST THE CITY WAS READY. THAT NIGHT WE TOOK TO THE CITY SUPPOSEDLY TO MAKE FINAL IMPROVEMENTS. WE LIT THE SACRED FIRE AND ROSE INTO THE AIR, LEAVING THE SULTAN BEHIND. WE WERE FREE AT LONG LAST, BUT THE SULTAN SWORE HE WOULD NOT REST UNTIL ALL OF US WERE SLAIN AND OUR FLESH FED TO THE VULTURES

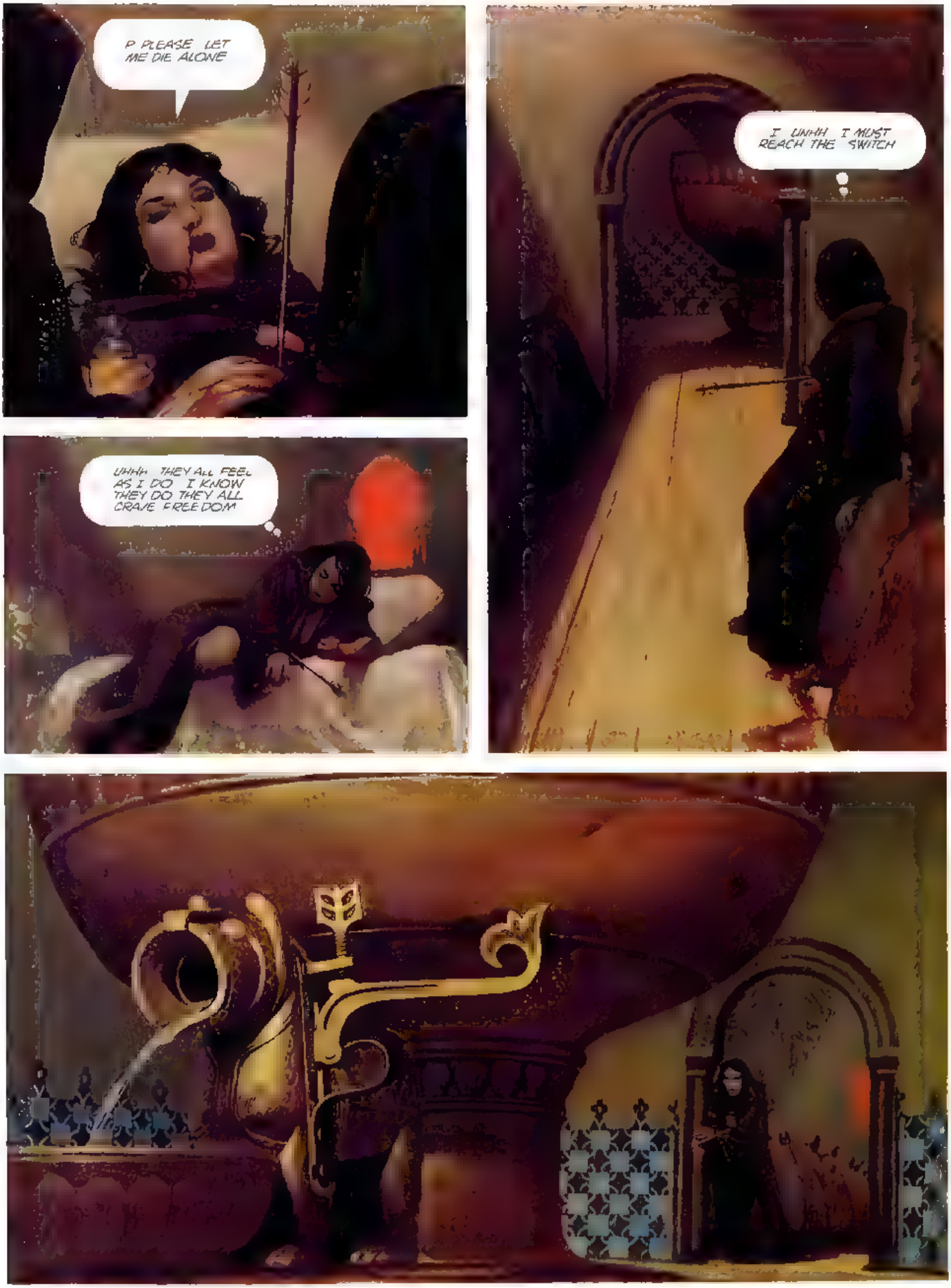
I RISK MY LIFE TELLING YOU THIS BECAUSE WE ALL TOOK A SACRED OATH OF SECRECY. IF THE SULTAN KNEW WHERE WE WERE WE WOULD SURELY DIE.

BUT THIS FLOATING CITY, WHICH WAS TO BE OUR MEANS OF REACHING FREEDOM, HAS ONLY BECOME ANOTHER PRISON—A PRISON I CAN NO LONGER TOLERATE. PLEASE, YOU MUST HELP ME FLEE.

OF COURSE I WILL, THOUGH I STILL DO NOT UNDERSTAND HOW THIS CITY STAYS AFLOAT

THAT IS SIMPLE, MERCENARY. COME QUICKLY TO THE SACRED FIRE AND YOU WILL SEE...
SILENCE, ZAIDA! YOU HAVE ALREADY TALKED TOO MUCH!

BASTARDS! WHY-?
SILENCE, MERCENARY UNLESS YOU WISH TO SHARE ZAIDA'S FATE. BUT I THINK YOU ARE TOO SMART FOR THAT EH?
UNFORTUNATELY YOU NOW KNOW TOO MUCH TO BE ALLOWED TO LEAVE STILL YOU CAN REMAIN HERE AS OUR SLAVE. RATHER IRONIC IS IT NOT?
YOU THERE. CARRY ZAIDA TO HER BED AND GIVE HER THE OPIATES THAT WILL LET HER DIE WITHOUT PAIN. THEN PLACE THE MERCENARY IN SHACKLES WHILE I DETERMINE WHAT MUST NOW BE DONE

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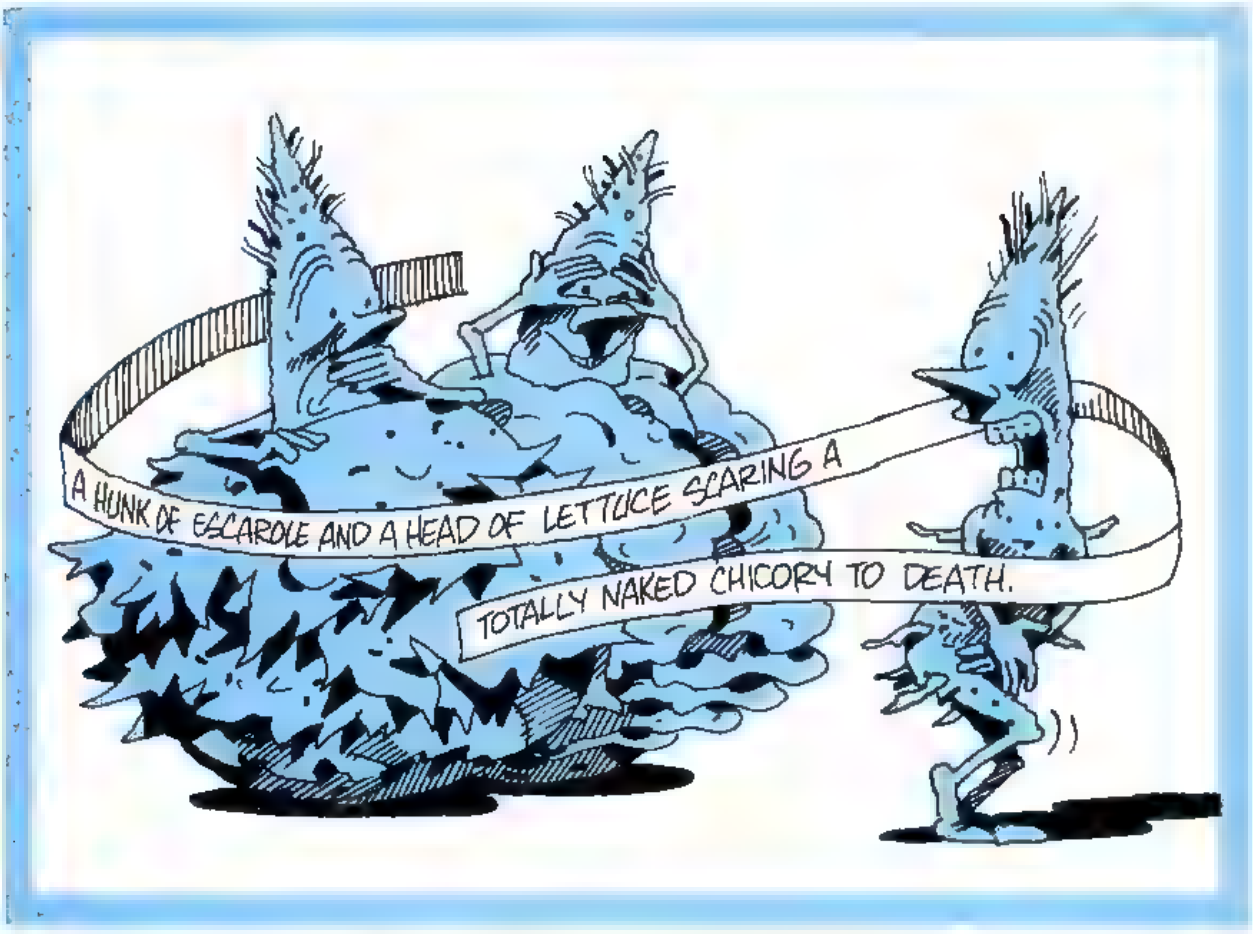


BY NICOLE CLAVELOUX


## I ♥ FAST WOMEN

1x. ♥ TO GET DOWN
2x. ♥ BEING #1
3x. ♥ BEER
4x. ♥ SEX
5x. ♥ COCAINE
6x. ♥ TO BULLSHIT
7x. ♥ TITIES
8x. ♥ LITTLE GIRLS
9x. ♥ LITTLE BOYS
10x. ♥ HEAD
11x. ♥ FAST WOMEN
12x. ♥ DRUGS
13x. ♥ TO PARTY
14x. ♥ MYSELF
15x. ♥ FAST CARS
16x. ♥ TO DICK
17x. ♥ LONG LEGS
18x. ♥ THE BIG ONE
19x. ♥ BROOKE
20x. I DON'T ♥ ANYTHING
21x. ♥ NEW WAVE
22x. ♥ YOU
23x. ♥ IT
24x. ♥ MONEY
25x. ♥ LUCY
26x. ♥ ROCK
27x. ♥ IT WET
28x. ♥ TIGHT ASSES
29x. ♥ FRIDAYS
30x. ♥ BRUNETTES
31x. ♥ BLONDES
32x. ♥ REDHEADS
33x. ♥ YOUR BODY
34x. ♥ SNOW
35x. ♥ SKIING
36x. ♥ TO FART
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80. AS LONG AS I HAVE A FACE YOU HAVE A PLACE TO SIT
21 I'D WALK OVER YOU TO SEE "THE WHO"
1. I'M NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR, FILM AT 11.
2. FREE MOUSTACHE RIDES (WITH ARTWORK)
3. BEND OVER I'LL DRIVE
17 IN OUTERSPACE, NOBODY CAN HEAR YOU FART
4. CHAMPION MOUSTACHE RIDER (WITH ARTWORK)
5. I RODE THE MOUSTACHE (WITH ARTWORK)
6 DON'T HAVE A DRINKING PROBLEM. DRINK
I GET DRUNK
FALL DOWN
NO PROBLEM
7 PARDON ME BUT YOU'VE OBVIOUSLY MISTAKEN ME FOR SOMEBODY WHO GIVES A SHIT
30 SOUNDS LIKE BULLSHIT TO ME
8 HEY LITTLE GIRL, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
9 HEY LITTLE BOY, WANNA PIECE OF CANDY?
10 SAVE OUR BEACHES
HARPOON A FAT CHICK
11 HAVE A NICE DAY, ASSHOLE!
12 FUCK YOU IF YOU CAN'T TAKE A JOKE
13 HOT FAT CHICKS
14 NO FAT DUDES
15 WE DIVE AT FIVE
16 WHY DON'T WE GET DRUNK AND SCREW?
18 THE MORE WE TALK, THE LESS TIME WE HAVE TO FOOL AROUND
19. NO TEENIE WEENIES
20 MAKES BIGGER
22 IT'S HARD TO BE HUMBLE WHEN YOU'RE AS GREAT AS I AM
23 BOY SURE LIKE TO TOUCH THOSE!
61 I'M SO HORNY EVEN THE CRACK OF DAWN ISN'T SAFE
62 MAY NOT GO DOWN IN HISTORY, BUT I'LL GO DOWN ON YOUR LITTLE SISTER
63. HOW CAN YOU SOAR WITH EAGLES WHEN YOU WORK WITH TURKEYS?
64 YOUR CRITICISM IS GREATLY APPRECIATED. FUCK YOU VERY MUCH.
65 I'M A FUCKING GENIUS
66 FUCK OFF
67 LIFE IS A BED OF ROSES BUT WATCH OUT FOR THE PRICKS
68. THE WORD OF THE DAY IS LEGS. HELP SPREAD THE WORD
69 YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO GO FUCK YOURSELF
70 I'M THE KIND OF GUY YOUR MOTHER WARNED YOU ABOUT
24 PARTY SIZE
25 1980'S SLOW CARS—FAST WOMEN
26 DO
BUT NOT WITH YOU.
27 LOVE THAT SCREAM
28 THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD
29. I'M FOR LUST
31 I WANT A MEAL, NOT A SNACK!
32. ONE OF A KIND
33 DON'T LAUGH, COULD YOU DO BETTER IF YOU WERE BLIND?
34 GO POUND SAND!
35. SCHOOL SUCKS!
36 ASK ME IF I CARE
37 SNOW BLIND
38. LISTEN TO WHAT I MEAN, NOT WHAT I SAY.
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Sizes S/M/L/XL

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Painting by **Mati Klarwein**

# Artificial Boundaries, Expanding Horizons, Possible Musics

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by Jon Hassell

From an October 29, 1981 *New York Times* background story on Chad/Sudan/Libya: "Geneina lies on the indistinct border between the Sudan and Chad. This region is known as Darfur, an area the size of France which was once a proud, independent sultanate run by a dynasty of rulers that lasted 560 years. From Geneina, caravans of pilgrims heading overland to Mecca make their way east. Men of the Tuareg stock of desert nomads roam the area, dressed in long white robes and white turbans. With their camels and mules and trappings they recognize no international boundary lines that appear on maps but not on the shifting sands and dry river beds they traverse . . ."

Life is increasingly filled with abstraction—things you can't see or touch or taste but to which we collectively give the power to rule our lives. Lines that exist only on paper and in the mind; tick marks on the face of a watch which arbitrarily segment the steady, unbroken flow of time/space into separate units (who invented the second?); the technology of language, which by the very naming of an experience separates this act from the seamless landscape of inner life (and allows us to use the word "love" a million times without having to experience it once) are all abstractions which rule our lives.

Note this passage from anthropologist/McLuhanite Edmund Carpenter's book *Oh, What a Blow That Phantom Gave Me!* (the phantom in this case being invisible electronic media which surround and swallow cultures): "In preliterate societies the separation of spirit from flesh is thought to occur in the surrealist realm of dream, art, ritual, myth. Daily life, in the field or on the hunt, is intensely sensate, with all senses alert and the spirit imprisoned in the body.

"We reverse this. Our electronic workaday would divorce images from physical reality. As counterpoint, we turn physical reality into pastimes: the hippie world of sensate experience serves to balance the nonsensory spirit world of electronic media. Like natives, the young enjoy the best of both worlds though it's hard to know which one of these worlds to call 'real.'"

A direct result of these workaday, electronic media technologies taking effect at the same time as the population explosion is the creation of a public climate where reputation looms larger than achievement, image is substituted for character, and the cardinal sin is to be unknown.

Continues Carpenter: "'News' is what is reported; what isn't reported isn't news. Unreported events don't cease to exist, of course; they simply fall into an area devoid of social responsibility and moral restraint." In other words, what you don't know about, you can't be expected to respond to.

Let's look at some unreported musical events (cultures) on this planet before they become surrounded and swallowed by contact with the self-conscious-making magic of recording and broadcasting technologies, and allow them to take their rightful place in the evolution of consciousness.

**Overuse = Trivialization**

An important lesson to learn when examining the music of many small tribal cultures is their embracing of music as a sacred gift, a "beyond-words" way of expression that is reserved for use at the right time, to be perceived by ears and bodies fresh for the experience.

In Western technoculture, the use of totally abstract music à la Muzak as background for human events inevitably results in trivialization and a loss of the sense of specialness and meaning. Brian Eno's creation of the genre "ambient music" formalizes this affectless situation as it exists. In effect, the concept of ambient music says, "If there's such constant sound input that you can't listen to it all, why not say it's okay *not* to listen and here's some music for listening or not."

**New Simplicity**

The optimistic view might be that we're going to reach such an overload level of symbol density that we'll be forced to arrive at a new simplicity—an ability via artificial intelligence (computers) to combine many individual symbols operating in complex relationships into "chunks" of information which can then be treated as a single megaword.

The heading "new simplicity" is itself a simple example of a "chunking" or a higher-level description of the detailed information in these paragraphs. Douglas Hofstadter, in his book *Gödel, Escher, Bach*, refers to this as "pruning the giant tree of possibilities."

**Break-up Points**

Given the number of people expected on the planet by A.D. 2000, this notion of an overloaded symbol bank breaking up into chunks suggests a similar pattern for a high-density future population breaking up into clusters of New Tribal territories (a persistent visual theme of the fantasy illustrators found in this magazine). This doesn't seem unlikely considering the present situation of tribes walking among tribes whose boundaries are no longer defined necessarily by geographical proximity or background but are delineated by life-style and held together by a principally media-imparted sense of national unity.

Perhaps concepts such as majority rule, which came out of small-number experiences, also have break-up points in a mega-populated world. For example, if 101 people of a tribe of 200 vote for a particular course of action, this leaves only 99 disgruntled people. But in a mega-tribe of 200 million, this would translate to 99 million who are forced to live under choices they don't approve of. The equation changes when multiplied by such enormous factors.

This is a difference in scale which those excessively hypnotized by abstract thinking ignore. Instead, they prefer to point out that the percentage is the same. To them, "average" means that a man with one foot in ice and the other in boiling water can be said to be "comfortable."

Perhaps, in some unforeseen way, the corporate musical imperialism which irons out regionalisms in its drive toward worldwide musical hits in Western pop style (Coca-Cola everywhere!) will also ultimately exceed public tolerance levels. Perhaps the result will be a return to a multiplicity of musics arising from tribes of like-minded people once again living within boundaries formed by hills and river beds (like the Tuareg nomads mentioned in the opening), linked worldwide by satellites.

This new respect for ancient ways facilitated by selective use of advanced technology must surely be one of the key ideas of our time, and will ultimately affect the way we think in the future.

**Separating the Baby and the Bathwater**

Just as many natural things may be separated by abstract boundaries, so other things may be joined artificially, by either habit or custom.

In Western culture, religion is naturally associated with sobriety and rigidity. Cultures where spirit life is joyful and sexual, or where leaders are expected to communicate the wisdom of grace and strength by dancing, are seldom taken seriously by Eurocentric minds, who, by media habits, are taught to observe this from a safe distance as a bizarre kind of *Mondo Cane* behavior.

In the same way, classical or formal music in the West takes place in an atmosphere of reverence and rules of etiquette. In Euroculture, no form in which improvisation is a major element is considered classical, while in most other parts of the world the high musical experiences are always those in which some response to the feeling of the moment is included. Furthermore, Western thought habits dictate that anything that is overtly sensuous, with certain rhythmic inflections or even certain kinds of instruments, is automatically perceived as belonging on a lower rung of the cultural ladder (jazz, rock, pop, and so on). Obviously what we have here is a kind of cultural racism that reduces non-European-derived art to "curio" status and thus neatly dismisses it from serious consideration in the same rank as our Western masters—all of whom, it may be pointed out, are white, born in the last three hundred years, and from cold climates.

This outlawing of certain attitudes in formal, structural music forces a strict dichotomy between what high culture salutes and what high culture likes to dance to. A sharp separation such as this can't exist in small, integrated cultures where both the young and old members of the tribe participate in common ceremonies and celebrations whose function is directly related to the major events of daily life and existence: "...each member of the community knows perfectly...which variations he can execute. As great as the improvisation may seem, it is thus restricted to within this framework that is simultaneously metric, rhythmic, and melodic.

"This technique is the fruit of long apprenticeship... Just as every child learns to speak by hearing speech, so does the Pygmy child learn to sing by hearing singing, the boy with his father, the girl with her mother. Thus, the children progressively acquire the repertory of formulas that later, in their turn, they will use and pass on. This is the sole means, purely organic, of learning polyphony." (These are liner notes from Ocora LP 558526 and discuss Central African Empire Pygmy music.)

**The Four B's: Beethoven, Brown, Ba-Benzélé**

This statement illustrates a desirable balance between formality and vitality: faced with a choice of Brown (James) or Beethoven (Ludwig van) as my only records on a desert island, I'd say J. B. wins hands down. But the balance of structure with on-the-spot fun which is transmitted by the polyphonic after-the-hunt music of the Ba-Benzélé Pygmies endures beyond both.

**The Same Yardstick**

I have this make-believe idea: imagine a record store with bin dividers labeled "Newspapers" (good for a day or two's listening), "Magazines" (keep it around for a week or a month), "Novels" (finds a semipermanent place on your bookshelf), and "Reference" (source works to be consulted for a lifetime)—along with appropriate pricing related to disposability. Perhaps this method of classification would cause music writers and readers alike to think twice before devoting a lot of time to preparing and/or digesting lots of words about Newspaper-Q (for Quality) music written in serious art-criticism style, as if Elvis Costello and Jackson Pollock were cultural equals.

Given the limited choice in Western music between energetic, trendy ephemera and dead high-culture masterworks, perhaps it's not so strange that I notice a great many artists (or people in other disciplines) who in their own fields are quick to discern Newspaper-Q (derivative, one-trick) from Novel-Q (original, multileveled), yet remarkably fixed on Newspaper/Magazine-Q music.

Perhaps this is the inevitable fallout of the pop movement as summed up by the elevation of the Campbell's soup can to iconic (worthy-of-serious-consider-

**It's a matter of degree: too much attention is paid by too many to too narrow an idea of what possible musics there could be.**

ation) level—an individual's okay art statement in its time, but hardly the stuff to build a culture on.

"A genuine culture," wrote anthropologist Edward Sapir, "is the expression of a consistent attitude toward life, an attitude which sees the significance of any one element of civilization in its relation to all others. It is, ideally speaking, a culture in which nothing is spiritually meaningless."

### Beyond Conditioning

To anyone who takes this seriously, it's obvious one must attempt to transcend the fixed game of technoculture, beyond passive consumption of media-ordained "right stuff," just as one's emotional growth can build on or proceed from the childhood "givens" via a wider knowledge of possible responses.

It's a matter of degree: too much attention is paid by too many to too narrow an idea of what possible musics (or futures, for that matter) there could be. And that's because few people really have a comprehensive knowledge of what's been happening on a global level all these years.

Virtually all the pop music in the West (excepting jazz, the first modern collision of tribal music with Euromusic) fits into the song-with-accompaniment form (chords and melody). When kid-with-guitar says "I'm a musician now," or a pop star is called a "composer," some rudimentary ability in this simplest of forms is all that's being talked about.

This is somewhat the same situation as having nearly all attention in visual art focused on the collage form, or the Polaroid, and all reportage of work in other forms—sculpture, painting, and so on—relegated to the esoteric "specialist" magazines.

Brian Eno deserves the Trojan Horse Award for being the first to slip music of more unusual form (*Discreet Music, Music for Airports*) in front of a pop audience whose attention his song-with-accompaniment efforts had previously captured.

### What's Wrong with This Picture?

One has the tendency to imagine both the past and the future in terms of the present. Just as a vision of the past should not be conjured up as if all events took place in the glow of the electric light bulb, a vision of the future with people zipping around in antigravity devices listening to some hyper-song with hyper-guitar accompaniment is equally unimaginative. Are there going to be Republicans and Democrats forever?

### Overvaluation of Cold-Climate Thinking

Buckminster Fuller says that evolution is basically a matter of synthesis.

Although it may, at first, seem an oversimplification, try squinting your eyes to see the big picture without the confusion of detail: what's happened is that cold-climate tribes had to develop technology in order to control a hostile environment, and now that very technology has developed in ways which enable them to impose their attitudes on warm-climate tribes (who have, quite naturally, evolved in other important but undervalued ways).

Now is the time for the technoworld to use its knowledge to go beyond this pattern—to begin to see the unforeseen ways in which the best of their attitudes will become ours, and ours become theirs, resulting in modes which I refer to as Fourth World—a returning to and a stepping forward at the same time.

It seems natural to me that a step into the future, musically or in any other way, will have some relationship to a deeper comprehension of the rich multiplicity of the earth's tribal musics. Like a scientist who must isolate a single element from a compound in order to understand its nature and how it acts within a complex structure, we should make an effort to preserve the remaining pure traditions with the same concern shown toward the works of Michelangelo and Gauguin—to understand how these sounds made the day brighter and gave courage before the hunt; to understand which music made sorrows bearable and expressed the mystery of creation *before* the entry date of the first transistor radio into the village.

A few ethnic-music record labels and selected LP's:

1. UNESCO/ Barenreiter Musicaphon—Music Anthology of the Orient
   *The Music of the Ba-Benzélé Pygmies* (BM 30 L 2303)
   *The Music of the Dan* (BM 30 L 2302)
   *Music from Rwanda* (BM 30 L 2301)
   *Central African Republic* (BM 30 L 2310)
2. Ocora-Radio France (catalog available from Theodore Front Musical Literature, 155 N. San Vicente Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211)
   *Burundi* (558.511)
   *Music of the Aka Pygmies* (558.526/8) (3-record set)
   *Bali* (OCR 72)
   *Tibet* (OCR 71)
   *Northern India* (OCR 69)
   *Papua, New Guinea* (OCR 86)
3. Nonesuch Records/Explorer Series (665 5th Ave., NYC 10022)
   *Music of the Javanese Gamelan* (H-72031)
   *Africa: Witchcraft and Ritual Music* (H-72066)
   *The Soul of Mbira: Traditions of the Shona People of Rhodesia* (H-72054)
4. Folkways Records (43 W. 61 St., NYC 10023)
   *Music of Chad* (FE 4337)
   *Music from an Equatorial Microcosm* (FE 4214)
5. Lyrichord Records (141 Perry St., NYC 10014)
   *Ghana: Music of the Northern Tribes* (LLST 7321)
   *Divine Horsemen: Voodoo Gods of Haiti* (LLST 7341)

A wonderful nonspecialist look at the music of the world is David Reck's *Music of the Whole Earth*, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1977.

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*Born in Memphis, composer-trumpeter Jon Hassell has spent the last two decades working with the world's major musical figures—Karlheinz Stockhausen, La Monte Young, Terry Riley, Brian Eno, and Indian vocalist Pandit Pran Nath. His ethnic and futuristic musical blend first appeared on* Vernal Equinox *(Lovely Music) and more recently* Possible Musics *(named a* New York Times *1980 top-ten release) and* Dream Theory in Malaya *(both Editions E.G.).*

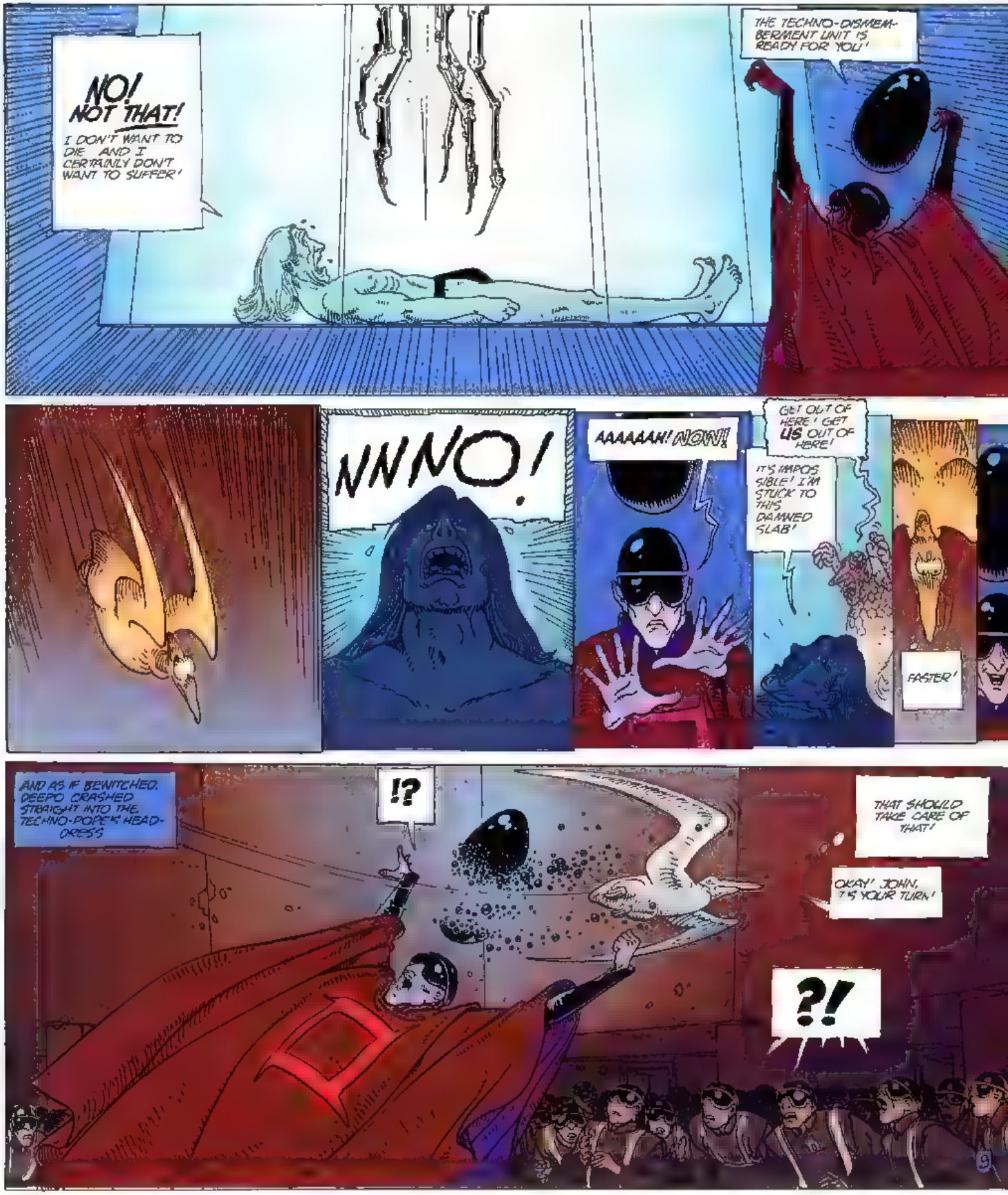
AHHH EARTH GOOD OL EARTH I HAVE SO MANY MEMORIES OF EARTH
A FEW OF THEM ARE GOOD ONES
SOME TIMES I TRULY MISS IT, OFTEN I MISS IT
THEN I THINK OF GOING BACK!
NO OH NEVER! WHEN I'M ON MY BACK LOOKING UP AT THE NIGHT SKY WELL, THE STARS ARE DIFFERENT JUST DIFFERENT I LIKE 'EM THAT WAY
JOHN WORKMAN 3/6

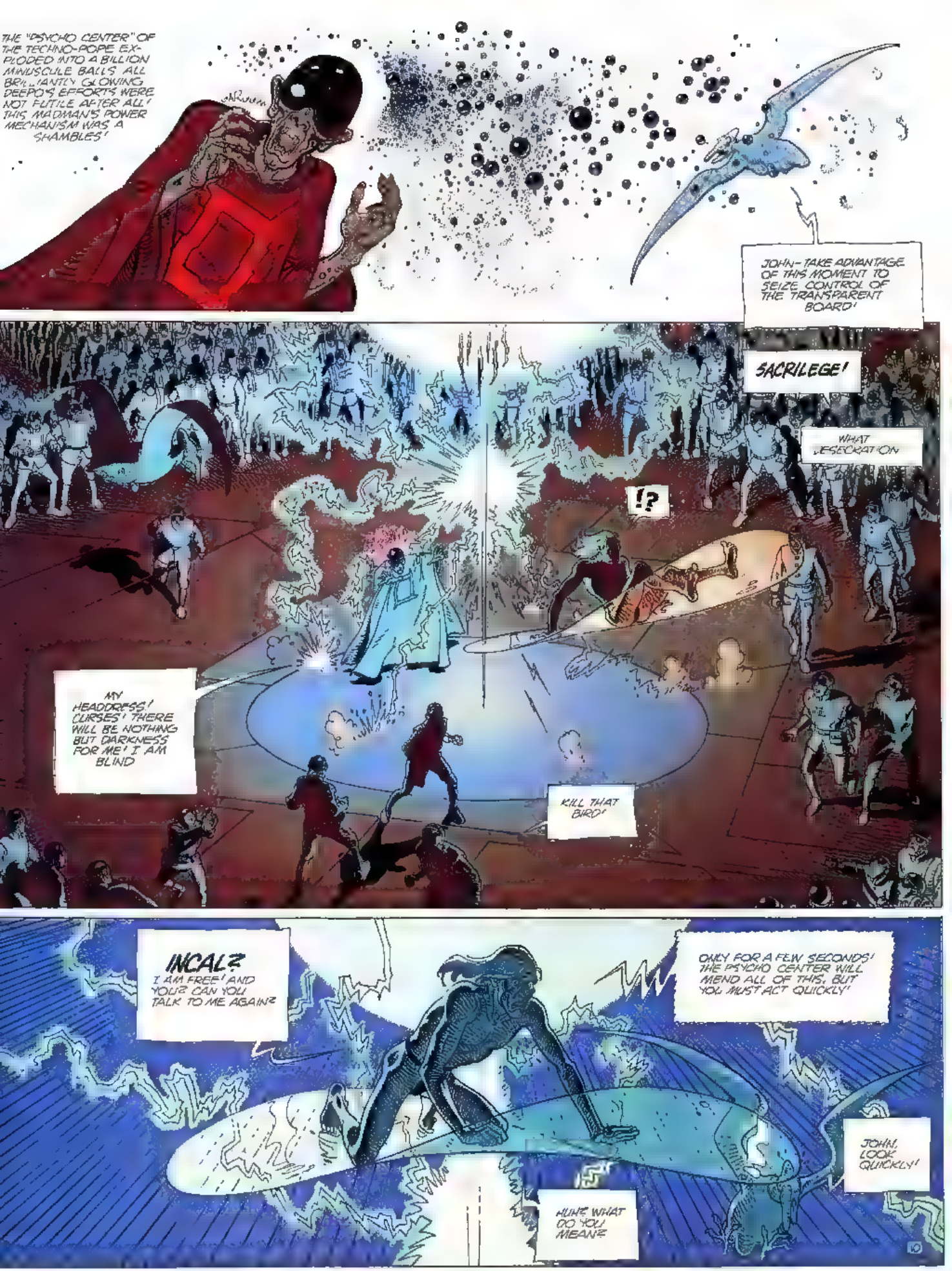
# THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF JOHN DIFOOL

# PANIC ON THE INTERNAL EXTERIOR

THE INCAL LIGHT

JOHN DIFOOL IS ABOUT TO BE DIS-MEMBERED BY THE MANIACAL TECHNO-POPE. DEEPO FUTILELY FLIES TO THE RESCUE, BUT LET'S BE FRANK.. WHAT CAN A SILLY LITTLE BIRD DO AGAINST A MASTER GROUP OF FANATICS?


NO! NOT THAT!
I DON'T WANT TO DIE AND I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT TO SUFFER!
THE TECHNO-DISMEMBERMENT UNIT IS READY FOR YOU!
NNNO!
AAAAAAH! NOW!
GET OUT OF HERE! GET US OUT OF HERE!
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! I'M STUCK TO THIS DAMNED SLAB!
FASTER!
AND AS IF BEWITCHED, DEEPO CRASHED STRAIGHT INTO THE TECHNO-POPE'S HEADDRESS
!?
THAT SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THAT!
OKAY! JOHN, IT'S YOUR TURN!
?!

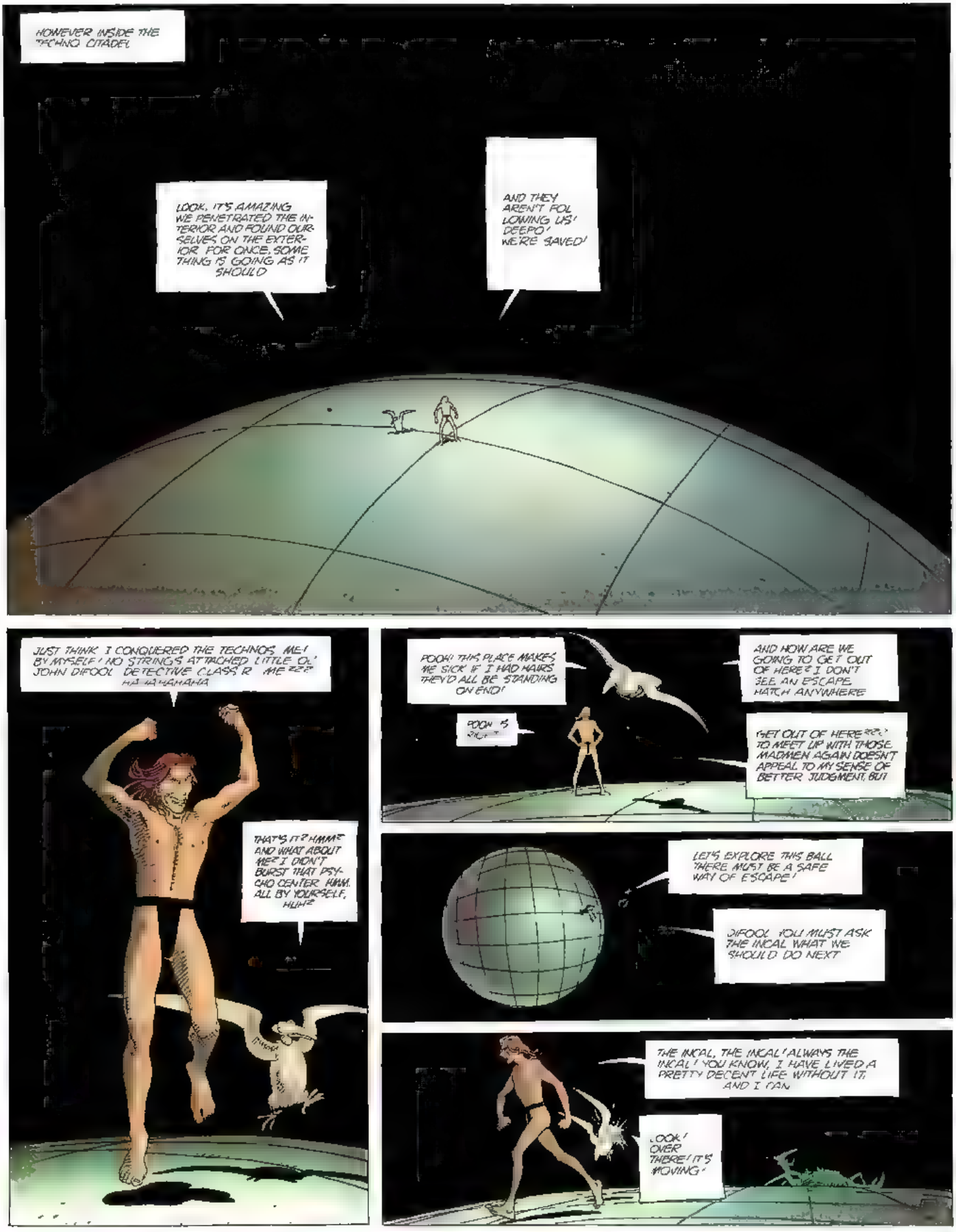

THE "PSYCHO CENTER" OF THE TECHNO-POPE EXPLODED INTO A BILLION MINUSCULE BALLS ALL BRILLIANTLY GLOWING DEEPO'S EFFORTS WERE NOT FUTILE AFTER ALL! THIS MADMAN'S POWER MECHANISM WAS A SHAMBLES!
JOHN - TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS MOMENT TO SEIZE CONTROL OF THE TRANSPARENT BOARD!
SACRILEGE!
WHAT DESECRATION
!?
MY HEADDRESS! CURSES! THERE WILL BE NOTHING BUT DARKNESS FOR ME! I AM BLIND
KILL THAT BIRD!
INCAL?
I AM FREE! AND YOU? CAN YOU TALK TO ME AGAIN?
ONLY FOR A FEW SECONDS! THE PSYCHO CENTER WILL MEND ALL OF THIS. BUT YOU MUST ACT QUICKLY!
JOHN, LOOK QUICKLY!
HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
10

DEPLOY THE TECHNO-POWER!

UP THERE! AT THE TOP OF THE SPHERE THERE'S SOME SORT OF TRAPDOOR!
BRAVO! WE BETTER GET OUTTA HERE!
LOOK THEY'RE ESCAPING!
THE PEGAZ! SEND IN THE PEGAZ!
QUICK!
YOU KNOW? WHOEVER SAID DETECTIVE WORK WAS "ROMANTIC" WAS FULL OF SHIT!
CLOSE THE TRAPDOOR QUICKLY! THEY'RE GAINING ON US
TOO LATE!
DON'T WORRY! BY CLOSING THAT TRAPDOOR HE'S SEALING UP HIS DESTINY! THE INTERNAL EXTERIOR DOESN'T OFFER ANY ESCAPE ROUTE AND BESIDES, THE SACRED GUARDIAN OF THE BLACK INICAL AWAITS HIM THE CARDIOCLAW!
THE CARDIOCLAW!
NOT THE CARDIOCLAW!

HOWEVER, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY
THE DETECTION POINT IS EXPLICIT WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR IS IN THE HEART OF THE CONSTRUCTION!
UHH THAT SEEMS TO BE A VERITABLE CITADEL, CHIEF!
HAVEN'T WE EXPERIENCED ENOUGH DEATH SIR?
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT A BAND OF SISSIES! REMEMBER, THE EMPEROR HIMSELF IS SUPERVISING THE COMMANDOS BY COSMOVIDEO! THIS HILL WILL MAKE AN EXCELLENT OBSERVATORY!
WON'T YOU BEHAVE LIKE REAL BERG HEROES IN THE NAME OF GOD?
DON'T GIVE ME THAT HIGH-AND-MIGHTY CRAP! WE'VE BEEN THROUGH HELL!
STOP! SILENCE! I WANT TOTAL IMMOBILITY!
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
IT'S A NATIVE HUMAN!
IS HE ALONE?
WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
I'LL GIVE YOU THE ALERT
LET'S JUST GET RID OF HIM! FIRE AT MY SIGNAL! READY MEN?
13

INCREDIBLE! HE WAS THERE AND IN A FLASH HE HE DISAPPEARED
IT'S A TRICK, CHIEF!
YEAH, IT'S A TRAP OF SOME KIND!
FOLLOW ME. HE CAN'T BE FAR!
GIVE IT UP, CHIEF!
ZHIP
HMMM. THE BERGS. THEY REALLY DO EXIST!
ARE THEY HERE BY COINCIDENCE, OR WERE THEY AFTER THE SAME THING I AM?
AT ANY RATE I DON'T HAVE TIME TO WAIT FOR THEM TO WAKE UP. THE BLIZZARD IS LETTING UP, AND I AM HERE FOR ONE THING AND ONE THING ONLY TO CAPTURE JOHN DIFOOL
16


HOWEVER INSIDE THE TECHNO CITADEL
LOOK, IT'S AMAZING WE PENETRATED THE INTERIOR AND FOUND OURSELVES ON THE EXTERIOR FOR ONCE. SOMETHING IS GOING AS IT SHOULD
AND THEY AREN'T FOLLOWING US! DEEPO! WE'RE SAVED!
JUST THINK I CONQUERED THE TECHNOS ME! BY MYSELF! NO STRINGS ATTACHED LITTLE OL' JOHN DIFOOL DETECTIVE CLASS R ME ZEE HAHAHAHAHA
THAT'S IT? HMMM AND WHAT ABOUT HER? I DIDN'T BURST THAT PSYCHO CENTER HMM. ALL BY YOURSELF, HUH?
POOH! THIS PLACE MAKES ME SICK IF I HAD HAIRS THEY'D ALL BE STANDING ON END!
POOH IS SICK
AND HOW ARE WE GOING TO GET OUT OF HERE? I DON'T SEE AN ESCAPE HATCH ANYWHERE
GET OUT OF HERE? TO MEET UP WITH THOSE MADMEN AGAIN DOESN'T APPEAL TO MY SENSE OF BETTER JUDGMENT, BUT
LET'S EXPLORE THIS BALL THERE MUST BE A SAFE WAY OF ESCAPE!
DIFOOL YOU MUST ASK THE INCAL WHAT WE SHOULD DO NEXT
THE INCAL, THE INCAL! ALWAYS THE INCAL! YOU KNOW, I HAVE LIVED A PRETTY DECENT LIFE WITHOUT IT, AND I CAN
LOOK! OVER THERE! IT'S MOVING!

WE'RE UNARMED! HOW WILL WE FIGHT SUCH A MONSTER?
BAH! THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TECHNO-NIGHT MARES. IT WILL FALL APART WITH THE PECK OF THAT BEAK OF YOURS!
I DON'T THINK SO! THIS IS MORE SERIOUS! WE NEED THE INCAL'S HELP
AND NOW...
YOU'RE RIGHT! UH, INCAL YOU THERE?
INCAL! YOU'RE MINE! HELP ME KILL THIS MONSTER!
AND THAT'S AN ORDER!
INCAL! INCAL! PLEASE ANSWER MY PLEA!

TO BE CONTINUED

# NOVA 2

"I SAW THE BEST MINDS OF MY GENERATION DESTROYED BY MADNESS, STARVING HYSTERICAL NAKED, DRAGGING THEMSELVES THROUGH THE NEGRO STREETS AT DAWN

"WHAT SPHINX OF CEMENT AND ALUMINUM BASHED OPEN THEIR SKULLS AND ATE UP THEIR BRAINS AND MAGINATION? MOLOCH! SOLITUDE! FILTH! UGLINESS! ASHCANS AND UNOBTAINABLE DOLLARS! CHILDREN SCREAMING UNDER THE STAIRWAYS! BOYS SOBBING IN ARMIES! OLD MEN WEEPING IN THE PARKS!

"MOLOCH THE INCOMPREHENSIBLE PRISON. MOLOCH THE VAST STONE OF WAR!

"MOLOCH WHOSE MIND IS PURE MACHINERY! MOLOCH WHOSE BLOOD IS RUNNING MONEY! MOLOCH WHOSE FINGERS ARE TEN ARMIES!

"MOLOCH WHOSE EYES ARE A THOUSAND BLIND WINDOWS MOLOCH WHOSE SKY-SCRAPERS STAND IN THE LONG STREETS LIKE ENDLESS JEHOVAHS'

"MOLOCH WHOSE FACTORIES DREAM AND CROAK IN THE FOG' MOLOCH WHOSE SMOKESTACKS AND ANTENNAE CROWN THE CITIES' MOLOCH WHOSE LOVE IS ENDLESS OIL AND STONE'

"MOLOCH WHOSE POVERTY IS THE SPECTER OF GENIUS'

اقتلوا الذين لا يؤمنون بالله وبيوم القيامة وكل الذي لا يقوم بدين الحق من أهل الكتاب ...

"MOLOCH WHOSE FATE IS A CLOUD OF SEXLESS HYDROGEN' MOLOCH WHOSE NAME IS THE MIND'

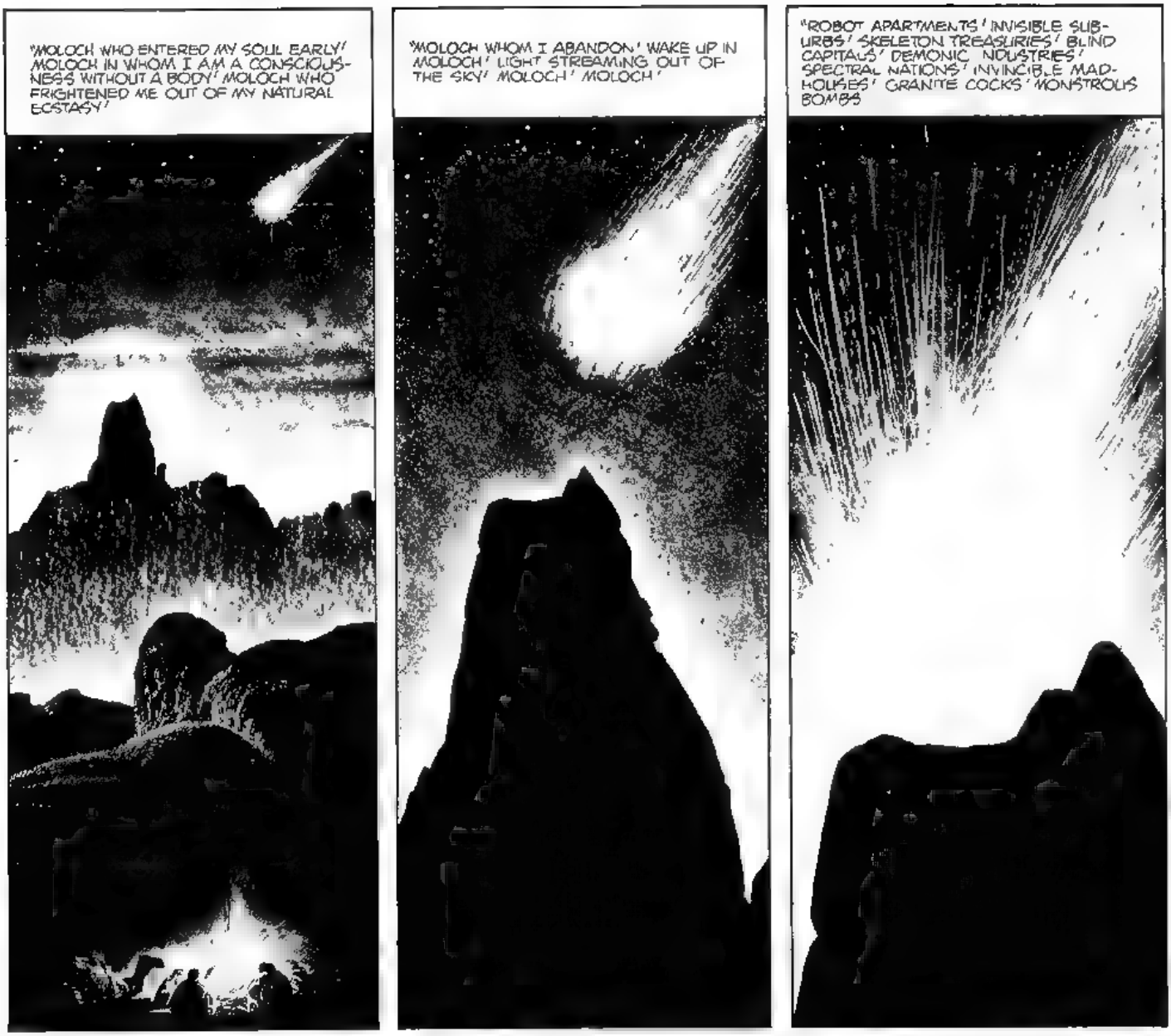
يقول اليهود : ازياس ابن الله ويقول المسيحيون : المسيح ابن الله

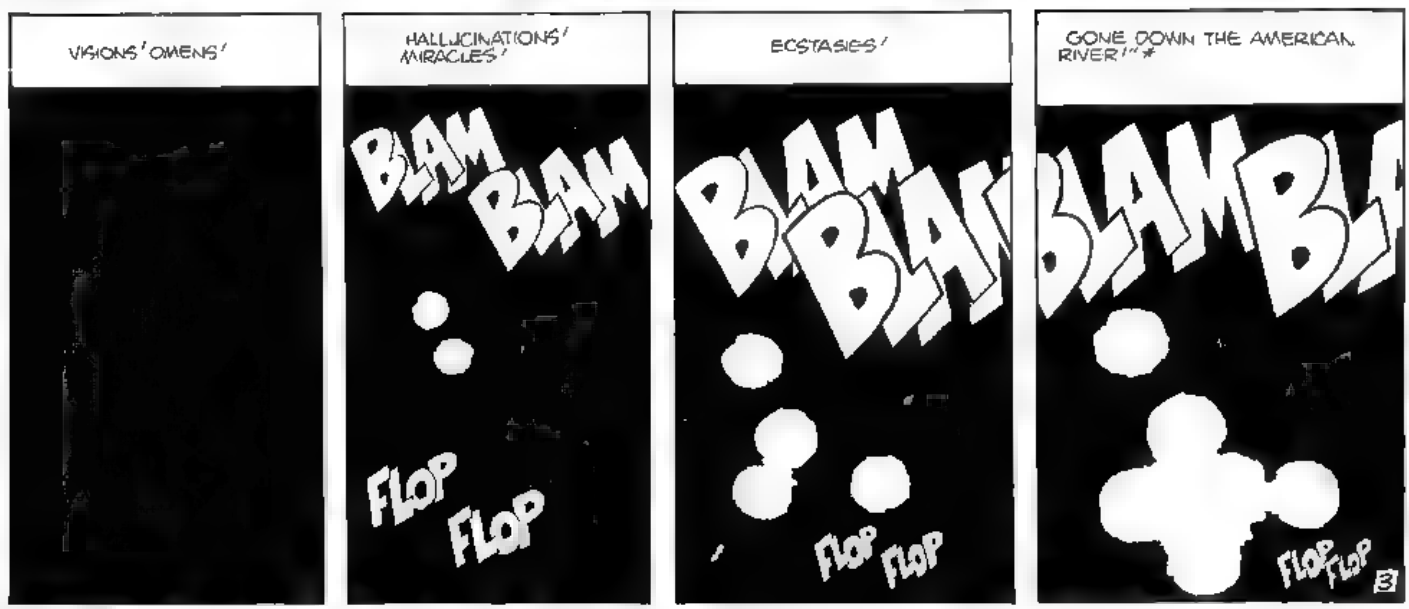
"MOLOCH IN WHOM I SIT LONELY' MOLOCH IN WHOM I DREAM ANGELS' CRAZY IN MOLOCH' COCKSUCKER IN MOLOCH LACKLOVE AND MANLESS IN MOLOCH

هذا كلام فمهم يتطلدون ما قال الكافرون قبلهم قتلهم الله (1) أنّهم كاذبون

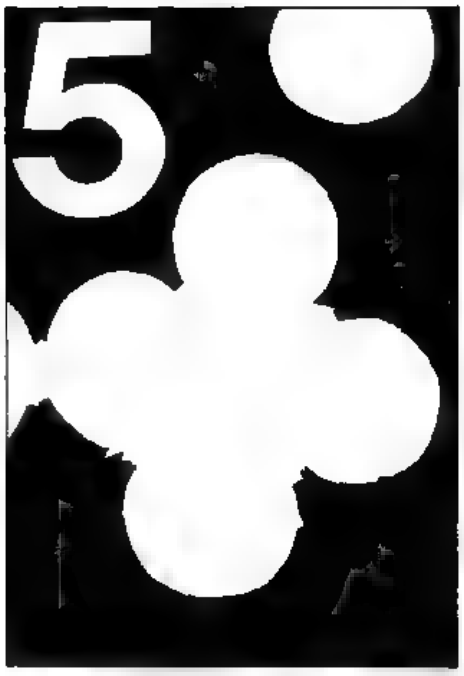
2

(1)DEATH TO THOSE WHO BELIEVE NOT IN ALLAH OR IN THE ULTIMATE GOD AND TO THOSE WHO PRACTICE NOT THE RELIGION OF TRUTH AMONG THOSE WHO HAVE RECEIVED THE BOOK THE JEWS SAY ESDRAS IS THE SON OF GOD' THE CHRISTIANS SAY 'THE MESSIAH IS THE SON OF GOD'' THESE ARE HIS WORDS THEY WHO FOLLOW THE UNBELIEVERS THEY ARE WHO ALLAH MAKES WAR ON' THEY ARE THE LIARS'" (KORAN BOOK IX. 29-30)


"MOLOCH WHO ENTERED MY SOUL EARLY! MOLOCH IN WHOM I AM A CONSCIOUSNESS WITHOUT A BODY! MOLOCH WHO FRIGHTENED ME OUT OF MY NATURAL ECSTASY!
"MOLOCH WHOM I ABANDON! WAKE UP IN MOLOCH! LIGHT STREAMING OUT OF THE SKY! MOLOCH! MOLOCH!
"ROBOT APARTMENTS! INVISIBLE SUBURBS! SKELETON TREASURIES! BLIND CAPITALS! DEMONIC INDUSTRIES! SPECTRAL NATIONS! INVINCIBLE MADHOUSES! GRANITE COCKS! MONSTROUS BOMBS




*EXCERPTED FROM "HOWL" BY ALLEN GINSBERG. (C) 1956 CITY LIGHTS BOOKS. USED BY PERMISSION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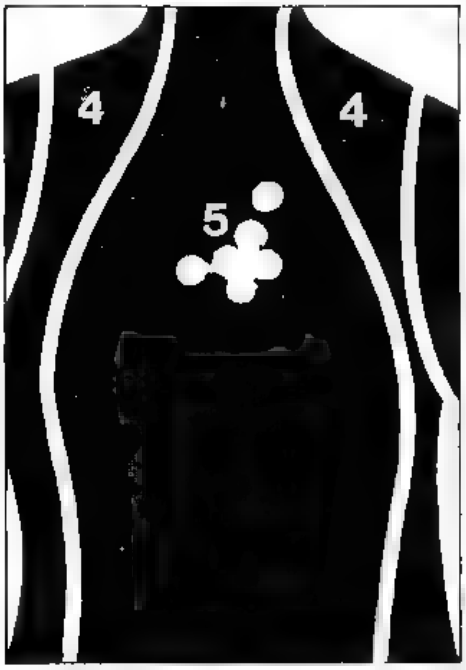
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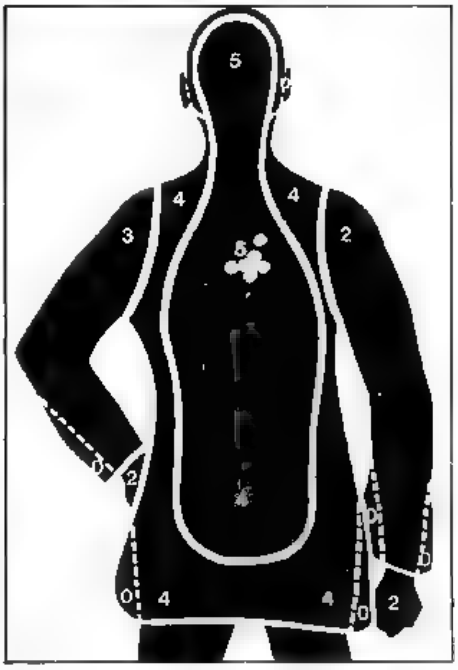
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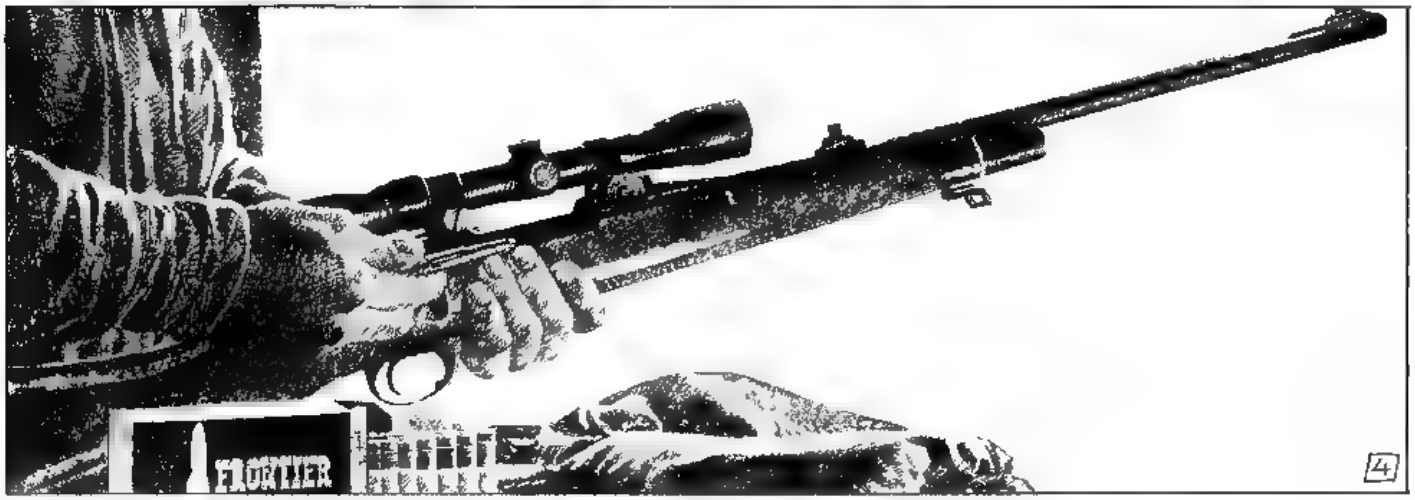
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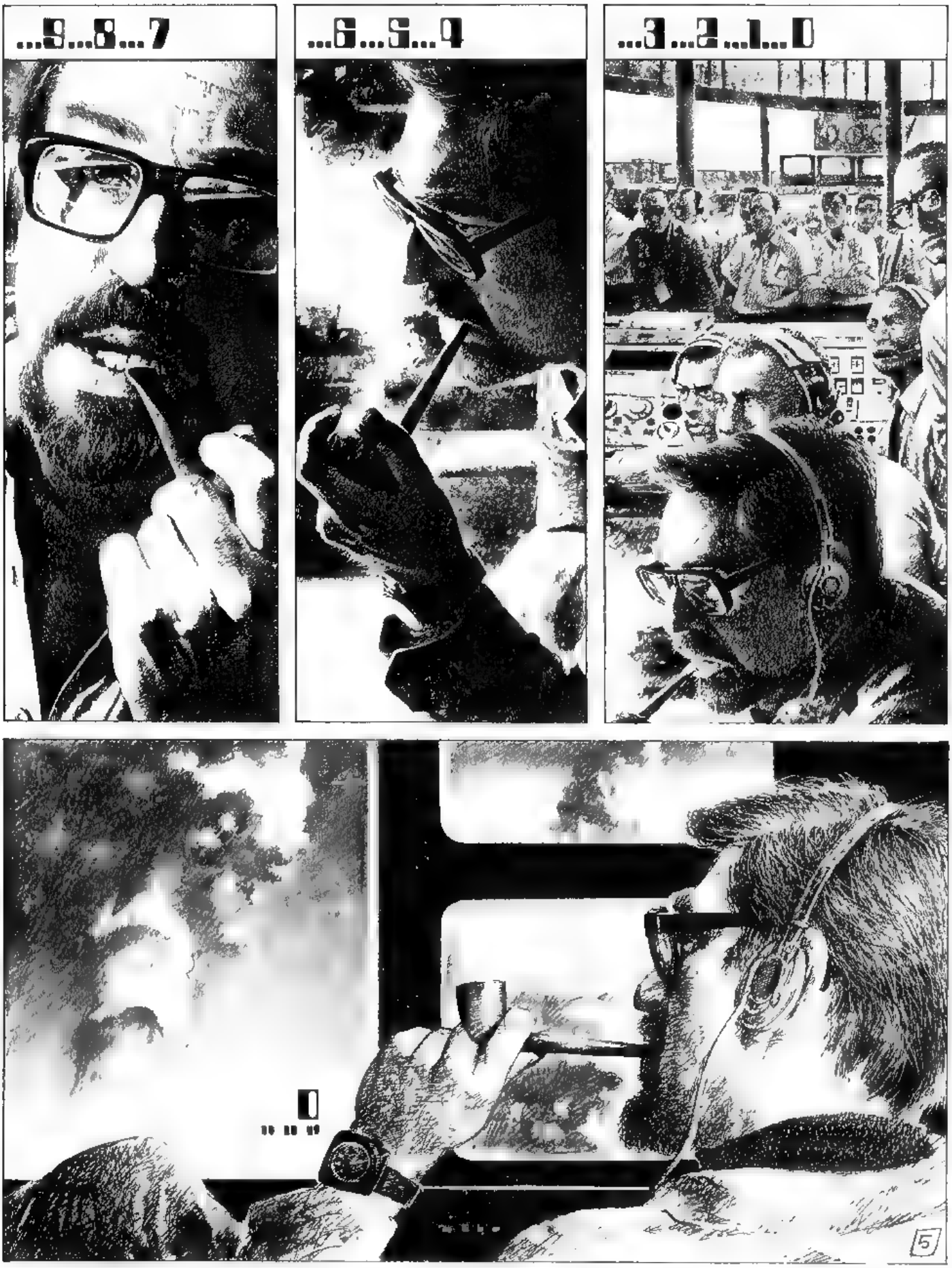
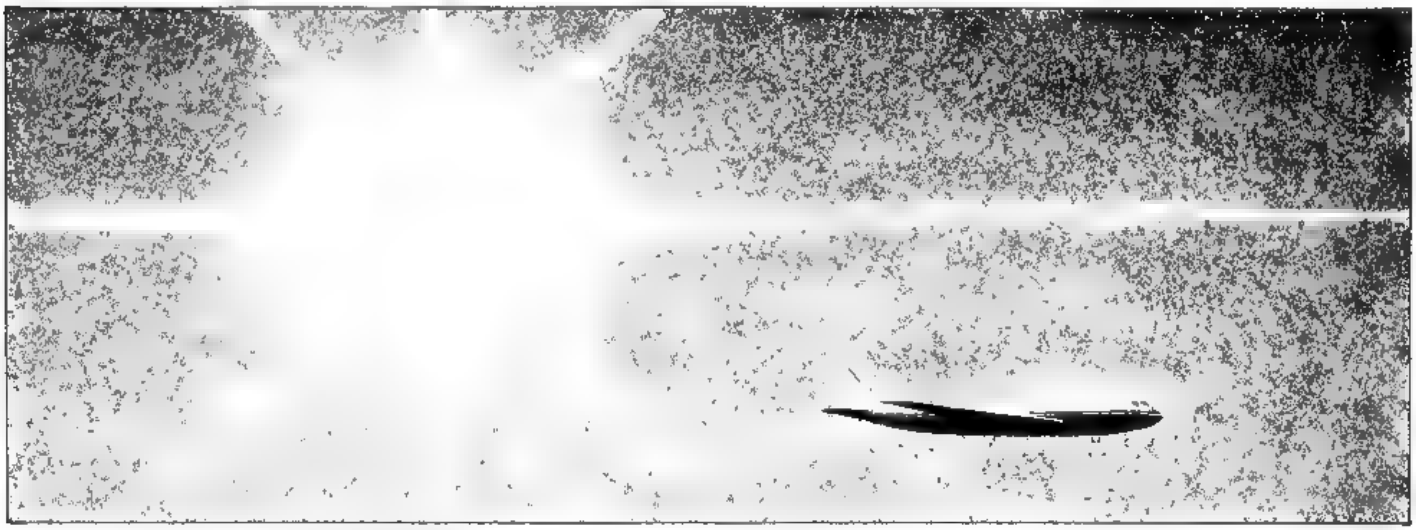
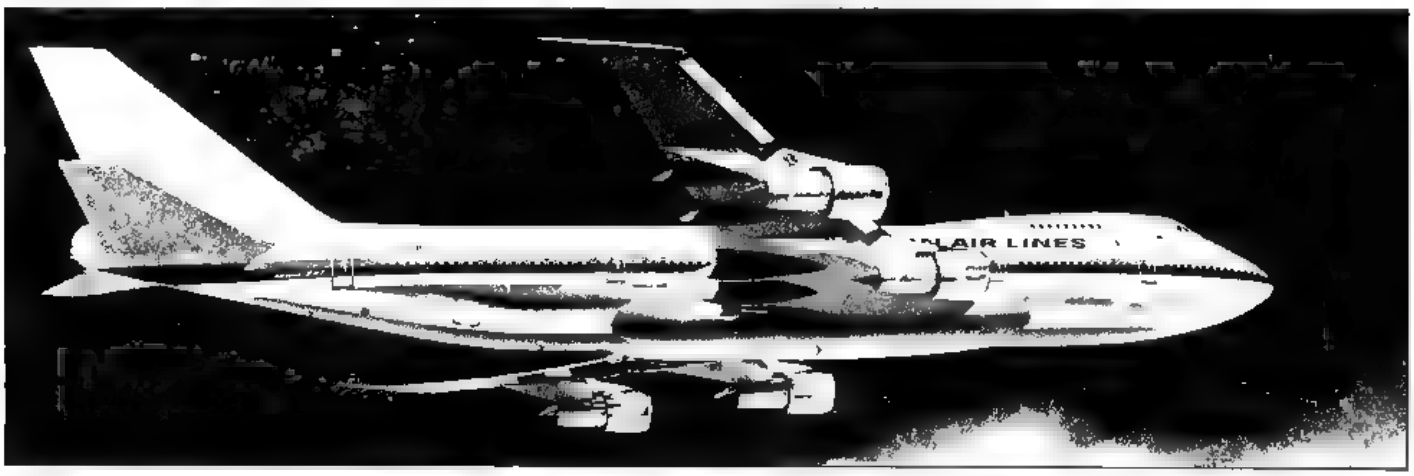

...9...8...7
...6...5...4
...3...2...1...0
5

1A168
"PICTURE YOURSELF IN A BOAT ON A RIVER..."
"LUCY IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS,..."

WHY HAVE WE CHOSEN THREE SUCH DIFFERENT MEN FOR A MISSION AS IMPORTANT AS NOVA II? WHY, GENTLEMEN? IN THE FIRST PLACE, BECAUSE OF THE COMPLEXITY OF THE PHENOMENON. HOPEFULLY, THREE SUCH DIVERSE POINTS OF VIEW WILL YIELD NEW INFORMATION ABOUT THE METEORITE. AND IN THE SECOND PLACE, WE'RE HOPING THAT BESIDES LEARNING ABOUT THE OBJECT



WE CAN DISCOVER SOMETHING ABOUT THE RESULTS OF A UNION OF THE THREE CLASSES, OR TYPES OF CITIZEN, IF YOU WILL. THAT THE MEN CHOSEN REPRESENT, IT'S SOMEWHAT OF AN INQUIRY INTO OUR NOT-TOO-DISTANT FUTURE. I MUST TELL YOU, HOWEVER, THAT OUR SUBJECTS HAVE NO KNOWLEDGE OF THIS PART OF OUR MISSION.




OF COURSE, YOU WONDER WHY IF OUR TRUST IN OUR SUBJECTS IS SO COMPLETE, WE HAVE WITHHELD INFORMATION ABOUT NOVA I THAT IS IN OUR POSSESSION. I MUST ADMIT THAT I HAVEN'T TOLD OUR MEN THE WHOLE TRUTH. TRUST, GENTLEMEN, IS A COMMODITY IN SHORT SUPPLY AROUND MY DEPARTMENT.

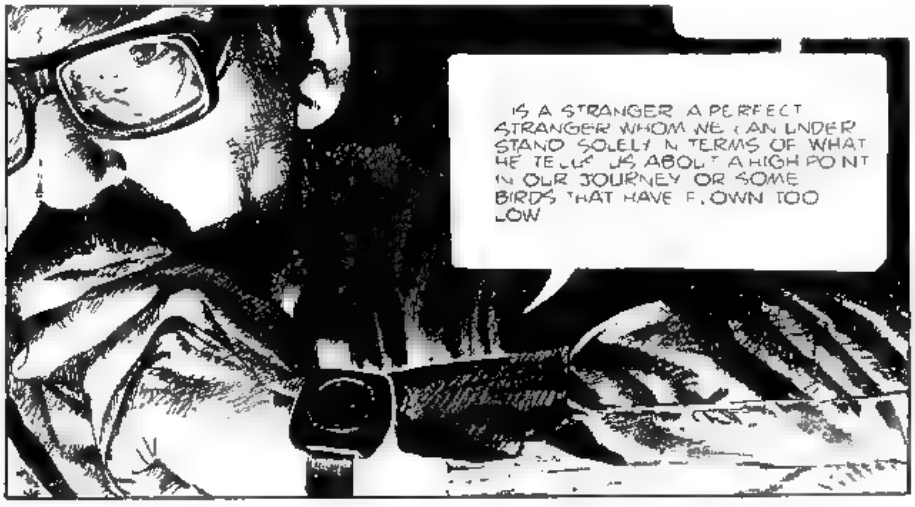
OUR APPROXIMATE ARRIVAL TIME WILL BE 8:00 A.M., AND AIR TEMPERATURE AT THE LANDING ZONE WILL BE APPROXIMATELY 40 DEGREES CENT.GRADE
THAT GIVES US ABOUT AN HOUR BEFORE LANDING
7

HOW LONG DO YOU SUPPOSE I'LL TAKE TO GET TO THE SITE FROM THERE?
CAMEL
FOUR OR FIVE DAYS. THE ROUTE I'VE BEEN ORDERED TO TAKE ISN'T THE SHORTEST OR THE BEST, BUT IT APPEARS TO BE THE SAFEST
ONLY APPEARS?
SOME STRANGE THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING IN THIS DESERT
YOU THREE COME FROM A DIFFERENT WORLD AND YOU HAVE DIFFERENT WAYS OF PERCEIVING YOUR SURROUNDINGS. BUT FOR THOSE BORN HERE, THE DESERT SAND IS A REMINDER ENOUGH THAT THIS IS A DYING LAND
THEY ARE AS ALIVE AS WE FOUR AT THE MOMENT HERE IT IS. THE LAST OASIS ON OUR ROUTE - FROM HERE ON WE WON'T FIND ANY MORE WATER, EXCEPT FOR A FEW SHALLOW PONDS
8

THESE PEOPLE CERTAINLY ARE STRANGE
PERHAPS THEY APPEAR STRANGE TO YOU MANFRED BECAUSE OF THE UNIQUE COMMUNION THEY HAVE WITH THEIR ENVIRONMENT

NO PIERRE. LETS TRY AND KEEP THE WHITE MANS WESTERN PATERNALISM OUT OF OUR REPORT TAKE OUR GUIDE AS AN EXAMPLE

WE COVER OUR WORLD WITH OUR OWN IMAGES AND LIKENESSES AND OUR PERCEPTIONS OF HIM COME TO US REFLECTED AS IF BY A CONCAVE MIRROR AND WHAT WE HAVE IN REALITY


IS A STRANGER A PERFECT STRANGER WHOM WE CAN UNDERSTAND SOLELY IN TERMS OF WHAT HE TELLS US ABOUT A HIGH POINT IN OUR JOURNEY OR SOME BIRDS THAT HAVE FLOWN TOO LOW

A NOT SO STRANGE STRANGER

*continued on page 74*

## . . . BUT MAKE SURE YOU'RE WEARING THE RIGHT OUTFITS!

Imagine this. You and your mate are sitting around in your torn T-shirts from Camp Sequoia days, watching old "Lost in Space" reruns.

Suddenly, one of you screams, "HEY! WHERE'S THE FUN IN THIS?" So you pull out the ol' EC horrors, jump into your new *Heavy Metal* jackets and/or T's, and you're in seventh heaven.

*Heavy Metal* is offering, just in time for Christmas, the newest in fantasy wear. This lovely silver, satinlike jacket is equipped with a cotton lining . . . and front pockets, too. Our original *HM* T-shirt is also available.

So order today! Pick up a few for stocking stuffers, too.

*Heavy Metal*
Dept. HM 2-82
635 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10022

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

The prices below include postage and handling per item.

I'd like ____ *Heavy Metal* jackets, ___sm. ___med. ___lge., at $35.00 each.

And why not ____ *HM* T-shirts, ___sm. ___med. ___lge. / ___red ___black, at $6.75 each.

New York State residents, please add applicable sales tax.

Illustration by **Moebius**

# REPORT #57ANR:

# ELVIS PRESLEY: THE PELVIS CULT

## BY ELLIOTT MURPHY

Illustration by Larry Lee

Dear Julie and Brad:
Found this transmission recorded over a tape of, I think. From Vegas with Love—you know, that old Elvis album. Thought it might be of interest to you. Let me know what you think.
Elliott

© 1981 Elliott Murphy

Immortality may not be absent from the planet Earth, as previously reported! New findings show increasing evidence of a symbiotic form of infinite life appearing in "cult" status. This phenomenon bears a striking resemblance to the previously studied Egyptian mummification process, although physical preservation does not seem to be as important as spiritual continuation. (Note: Report #25Ez "Life of a Pharaoh: Riches to Rags.") But the data confuse and contradict: the natives fail to comprehend the significance of a personality cult immune to the power of death.

Case in point: one male human (as far as we can ascertain). Background, name, Elvis Presley, now seemingly deceased. Cause of death: a matter of great debate among interested humans due to their inability to recognize long-term suicide combined with the subject's vast material wealth and fame. This failure to comprehend the disorienting effects of such extremes persists, although endless examples have emerged in postatomic history (future reports will refer to present age as AB—After Bomb). I refer you to previous case studies: "Marilyn Monroe" (Mass Sex Report #432A) and "James Dean" (Roots of Teenage Trauma Report #55n7).

The immediate significance of the subject, Elvis Presley? He was *the* major figure to emerge from the newest postatomic cultural nerve release: rock 'n' roll (I use local grammar).

He was created on Earth by standard human reproductive methods (similar to the way they drill for the energy source oil) in a very recently civilized area known as America. It is in the political boundaries of a fairly smooth-running anarchy called the United States of America. To be more specific, he came from "the South," the warmer climate region, which holds the dubious distinction of being very reluctant to let go of an antiquated concept known as "slavery" wherein humans can double as property. They were forced to modernize their thinking in a struggle known as the Civil War, which was not very civil at all and I suspect had more to do with whether blue or gray would be the fashionable color for future military uniforms, although the color green won out, as it usually does here.

Rock 'n' roll has performed a major cultural skip, one of the early steps in the recognition of a group called the Third World, who actually live on the same world as everybody else—quite confusing. The roots of this cultural nerve release lie with the darker "black" humans in poltico-musical forms such as Blues (could relate to victorious side in aforementioned Civil War), Jazz, Gospel, and Soul. These were all forms of protest or declarations of humanity, due to the black humans' misfortune of being victimized by this schizophrenic system of slavery.

Elvis Presley was one of the earliest white humans able to voice this same emotional protest convincingly. Today, many white humans take rock 'n' roll regularly for nerve relief, sort of like a musical aspirin (see Report #26K—"Headache Inventions"). I cannot say for sure what has caused this cultural skip, but I suspect that like most new cultural phenomena here, it was the explosion of the atomic bomb. This gave all humans enough of a "mental sunburn" to enable them to come a little bit closer to the black humans' experience, by considerably darkening their outlook.

But the subject, Elvis Presley, was not first recognized for his cultural skip but rather for his overpowering sexuality, that nasty human habit which is highly addictive, I might add. I find nothing to verify that he had sexual capacities different from other humans' although his external gyrational powers in the region of his sexual organs could generate impressive results from amazed onlookers. He would combine this gyrational movement with his musical performances and, due to humans' oversensitive sex-detecting equipment, gained notoriety, becoming known as "Elvis the Pelvis." I also suspect this had something to do with these pathetic creatures' fascination with anything that orbits. They are constantly launching little pieces of metallic junk to orbit around their planet and they keep little dogs as pets who orbit around them on leashes. I find it all very dizzying.

Of course, there are countless examples of other humans whose overt (though mostly unextraordinary) sexuality produced startling results (remember Helen of Troy? Report #3546P—"War Is Hell But Popular"). But Elvis Presley's effect was accelerated by his ability to bring his private fertility rites into the private residences of other humans via three technological achievements—motion pictures, television, and phonograph records.

I have previously reported on motion pictures (Report #56K—"Celluloid Life Substitute") and television ("Advanced Fireplaces"—Report #899limn), but allow me to tell you about these "records"—they're quite bizarro.

Records are round, saucerlike pieces of vinyl, a by-product of oil, the main cause of worry here lately. Oil is formed by decomposed organic substances that seep toward the center of the planet until they find something to rest on. Eventually this all turns to a gooey substance that is really quite tasty. (Report #XX99—"High Priority—Earth Energy: What a Mess!")

Vinyl comes from this once living matter and has a great ability to cause trouble by trapping other living sounds when combined with the proper electrical and magnetic hardware. They are very much into containerization here (Report #34AF—"The Package Racket"): they even put a container around their own body called "clothes." So, naturally, these "sound containers" are quite popular.

Vinyl-powered Presley fame soon spread like an aggressive virus. Younger humans were at first more susceptible to the Elvis infection (and inflection, too), though now this is irrelevant, as most of his die-hard fans have reached middle age. (Die-hard fans are fanatics whose fanaticism has a hard time dying; perfect term for this particular case study. They are not to be confused with normal "fans," whose fickle nature is their most predominant ingredient.)

Aside from making a great deal of vinyl-packaged-and-powered rock-'n'-roll music Elvis Presley made a great many motion pictures. I must admit, though, I have not viewed too many, because all these little pictures moving at such high speed make me nauseated. And please—if you have developed any more effective motion-sickness devices I sure could use them; the speed of the earth's orbit is ridiculous.

After twenty years of exposure to the public, Elvis Presley died. His death caused great sorrow—these humans are not as cold-hearted as we suspected. They felt a personal loss and I think may be the first link of media as part of personality. Any loss to the media is a personal loss, now. This began with the American royal family (Report #3B—"King Kennedy"). Somehow, Presley's technologically created ability to be in many places at one time (movies, television, and records) had totally eluded the humans' ability to detect fraud. He had begun to exist, to many of them, on a mass-personal level. Since all humans consider themselves to be members of the media family, they somehow feel connected to the famous. The American art packager known as Andy Warhol once said: "In the future everyone will be famous for fifteen minutes." Although I feel he was probably joking when he said these words (he's a great prankster), many humans and especially Americans have taken this to heart. I call it the "Mount Rushmore of the Mind Syndrome."

At the time of Elvis Presley's death, the ferocious media appetite hungered for little else, and his likeness appeared with greater frequency than ever before—the first sure sign of symbiotic immortality.

Allow me to present other examples of his impending religious-cult status:

1. Another sound-and-image rock-'n'-roll purveyor from England (Report #3597—"The Folly of Empire") has emerged, also using the strange title "Elvis"! (Second name is Costello, possibly derived from the now deceased American tragic humorist Lou Costello.) Die-hard Elvis Presley fans do not relate the two Elvises together, and I have witnessed no crossover of emotional response. Personally, I don't find a big difference between the two. Appearance is similar except for visual aid (glasses) on the Costello version. But I do feel strongly that this transfer of name is significant and can take the form of forerunner of religious development. Remember all the Mohammeds in the Moslem part of Earth? And all the Jesuses in the Spanish sector? I predict that a great many Elvises will soon appear in the southern American sector, and I want this prediction put on my record! We must carefully monitor this neoreligious activity, for a cult can be quite harmless entertainment, but as we have witnessed (Report #36KKK—"Killing for Love"), an organized religion can wreak havoc wherever its path might lead.

2. The Elvis clones. You wouldn't believe it, but on Earth they clone from the outside in! I saw one of these Elvis Presley clones in a place called Las Vegas (Report #33K—"Gambling: The Human Love of Loss") (I enjoy Las Vegas very much; it reminds me of my mother-in-law's apartment, and I would be happy to take any future assignments there, for it is one of the few civilized places on this planet where one can get away from these annoying clocks and their constant ticktocking.)

Anyway, the Elvis clone I saw bore a striking resemblance to the once real thing, in both sight and sound capabilities. But I don't understand how these humans are so easily fooled by these clones. There are many of them around, and their ranks are growing. Don't misunderstand—this is not a case of deception or fraud as has been witnessed on . . . where was that awful place? . . . oh yes, on the Omega VII. And the profit motive for these clones is pitifully slim considering the personality sacrifice they must make. The humans are fully aware that these clones are not the "real" Elvis, yet they do not seem to care. Perhaps this is because the original was mainly a product of vinyl and celluloid and it is hard to make any distinction, or perhaps because Elvis himself was just a vision of these advanced media in his own mind too. I am beginning to suspect that the human brain does not develop as one unit. At times I think they will run back into the nearest cave during a solar eclipse, as they did only a few time periods ago.

3. Geographical-human transference or "shrines." The subject's main habitat was not far from his place of birth, in an area called Memphis. (Also, Memphis was a city in the advanced ancient culture of Egypt—another example of the demigod system.)

Elvis's own particular dwelling was a large empire-scale place called Graceland (not to be confused with Greenland). Graceland is playing a part in the "Mecca Syndrome," which is not too unlike the migratory habits of lemmings. The Elvis followers feel the need to visit Graceland. This reduces their feeling of loss, though I can't understand why. Crowds of increasing size appear in front of the gates of Graceland. (See the similar scene in the capitalist religious motion picture *King Kong*: Report #35mm—"What, Me Worry?"), as if they are waiting for HIM to make an unscheduled appearance.

Although the humans are reluctant to accept the concept of infinity except on the most theoretical level, slogans of belief in this concept such as "He lives on!" or "Elvis lives forever!" come from his fans. Strangely enough, the one human who tried to spread the belief in infinity, Albert Einstein (Report #123a—"$E=MC^2$ or The Poetry of Science"), has attained little of the status Elvis has (I've found no Einstein clones in Vegas) and is only now experiencing a rebirth of interest on the more religious level. (this could be due to the false rumor that he was responsible for the Bomb); note the evolution of the literature called science fiction. Although the concept of infinity is most comforting, humans find it frightening. Maybe it's due to their overly oppressive gravitational forces, which cause such phenomena as falling water called "rain."

When the organic Elvis Presley was placed in the ground but not expected to grow (which is strange, since humans usually expect *anything* they stuck in the ground to grow), the opposite effect occurred—he *did* grow. His vinyl is continually consumed in new "packages," and movies and books of his life are beginning to pop up like seedlings. Take note that in one of these pseudo-bios which appeared on television an Elvis clone played the major role. Could there be a clone conspiracy here? They're known to get nasty when pushed. (Give me the word and I'll investigate further.)

The same technological achievements that brought Elvis Presley to the public eye and ear will continue to keep him and his cult growing. His hero-worship will likely surpass that of all others we have witnessed, even the short-lived James Dean, who was the first recorded case of terminal adolescence (or was it Alexander the Great? I get the time sequences out of sync), and this coupled with his "unnatural death" should perpetuate his myth into infinity. Maybe this is how humans understand infinity. They still thrill at the exploits of the famous Ulysses, who we all know did not even set foot on Earth! He had much too much class for such a low adventure.

I swear I have never met a group of beings so compulsive in their dedication to duplicate themselves. I think this has something to do with their fascination with their own reproductive systems, which though primitive do seem to have quite a healthy half-life and were the basis for Elvis Presley's rise on the ladder to success and his swirl into infinity. Indeed, they are a very nervous bunch, which is to be expected from a planet located so close to its sun.

Another point regarding a possible basis for Elvis Presley's "charisma": most of these rock 'n'-roll stars are either surrounded directly by an electromagnetic field (many play an electronic instrument other than their own low-voltage system) or they work in close proximity to an electric voice clone (microphone). The humans overlook the possibility that constant exposure to large doses of atmospheric electromagnetism (remember those ions!) can amplify normal personality and charismatic traits.

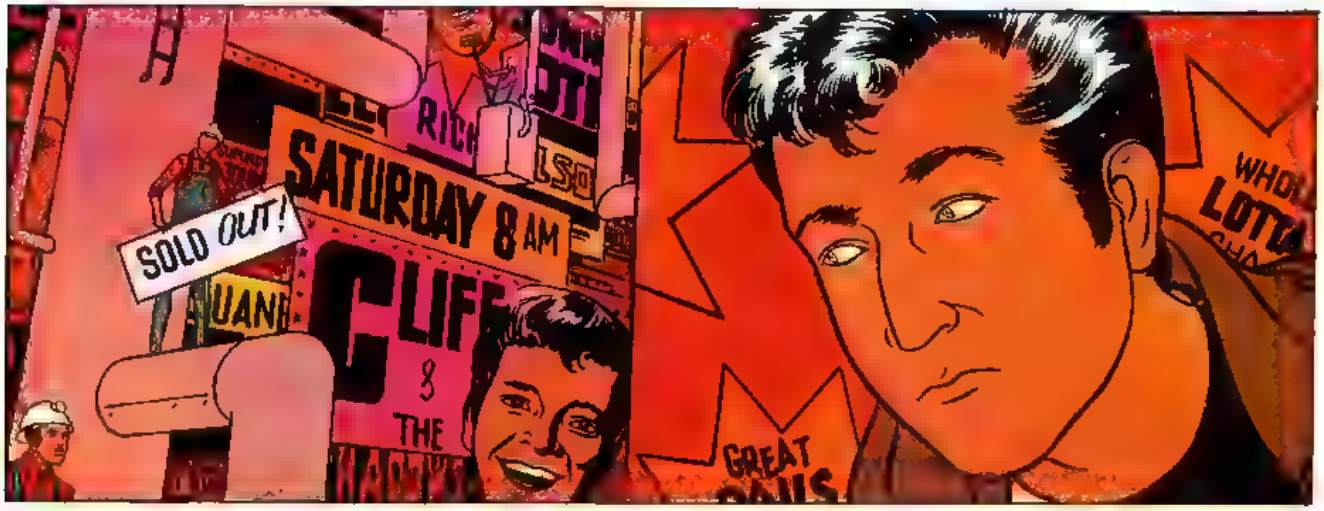
Also, as we know, this constant subjection speeds electrons of organic molecules and makes them "nervous." Those humans (hardly bearable creatures as they are) with a low tolerance for such molecular activity sedate these electrons through the use of synthetic and organic drugs, psychiatrists, or some combination thereof. I feel that Elvis Presley's "unnatural death" may be directly linked to this.

It wasn't until after his death that his drug intake was made public, due to the secretive nature of changing one's consciousness on Earth. Oddly enough, what you do in your sleeping hours is totally permissible—any kind of dream life is without punishment (no dream police here). Maybe an absence of dream life caused Elvis Presley to go to such extremes. Or maybe it was because his dream came true.

That's it for now. I'm off to study something called "fast food," which they say all tastes the same. I don't understand that at all; *everything* tastes the same to me here. Or at least all the humans I've consumed so far.

# A LIFE IN THE DAY

BY DICK MATENA

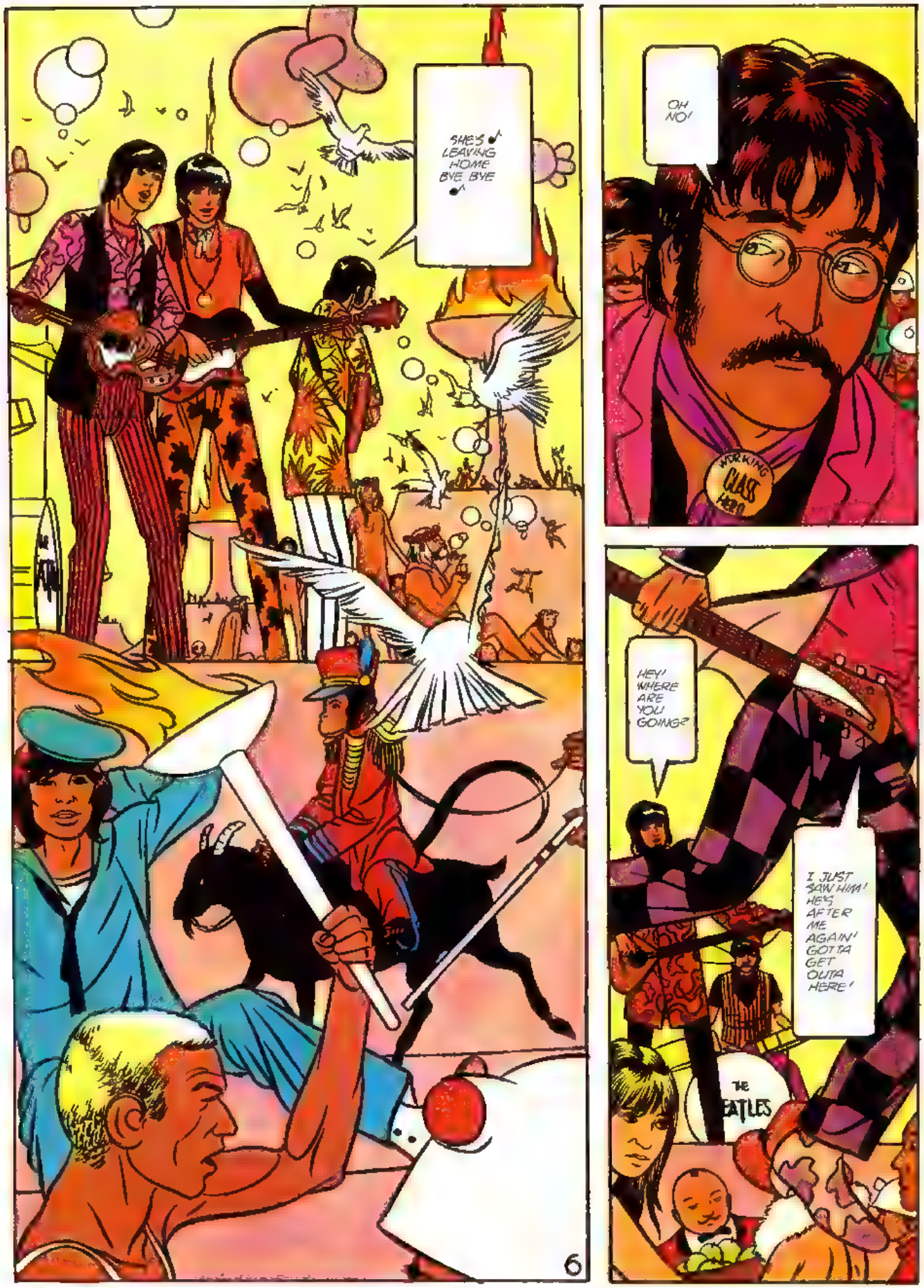


PSST! OVER HERE!
GET IN!
CANCELLED

WHY'S HE CHASING YOU?
I DON'T KNOW! HE'S BEEN AFTER ME ALL DAY
TO WHOM DOES THAT BEAUTIFUL VOICE BELONG?
HUH? WHO'S THAT?
"WHO AM I?" HE ASKS. FAGIN IS THE NAME DEAR BOY OL FAGIN I OFFER A HARBOR FOR POOR, HAUNTED KIDS!
FAGIN? I THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS!
HAHAHA OF COURSE NOT MY YOUNG FRIEND I'M IMMORTAL - COME ON DOWN AND SEE FOR YOURSELF
SUN
3

RUNNING AWAY FROM THE BOBBIES. HUH? MAKING MUSIC ON THE STREETS WITHOUT A PERMIT NO DOUBT JOIN US, AND ALL YOUR PROBLEMS WILL BE SOLVED.
OH NO. THEY WON'T HE'LL BE OUT THERE WAITING.
YES POSSIBLY BUT THIS TIME HE WON'T RECOGNIZE YOU, BECAUSE YOU WON'T BE THE SAME BOY.
I WON'T? THEN WHO WILL I BE?
A COMPLETE MAKEOVER LIKE ALL THE YOUNG LADS I TEACH. CLOTHE AND GUIDE AND IT WON'T COST YOU MUCH, NEITHER
JUST A SMALL SHARE OF EVERYTHING YOU EARN THAT'S ALL
BYE-BYE, DEAR BOYS AND DO BE CAREFUL!
HE TURNED US INTO A BUNCH OF SISSIES AND WE DIDN'T EVEN PROTEST!
WHO CARES? AS LONG AS IT KEEPS US OUT OF DANGER
4

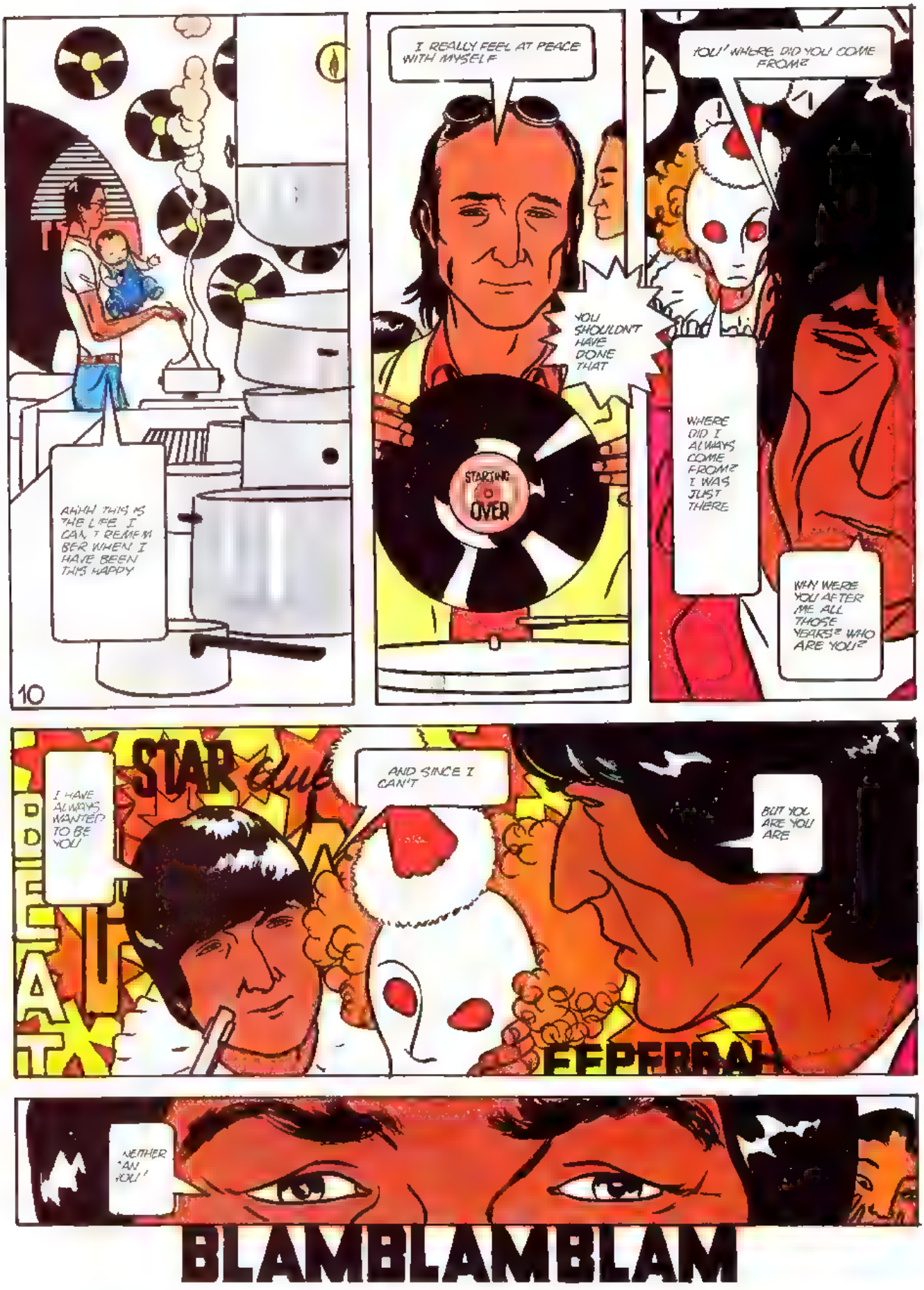
5
WHICH WAY DID HE GO?
HUHHH?
THE BEATLES
WHHH-- WHO DO YOU MEAN, SIR?
YOU KNOW WHO! THE GUY WITH THE GUITAR! YOU'VE BEEN HIDING HIM FROM ME!
"U THAT WAY DOWN THE STAIRS
THANK GOODNESS HE SWALLOWED MY LITTLE WHITE LIE
I MUST WARN THE POOR DARLING BOY AND QUICKLY!


SHE'S LEAVING HOME BYE BYE
6
OH NO!
WORKING CLASS HERO
HEY! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
I JUST SAW HIM! HE'S AFTER ME AGAIN! GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!
THE BEATLES

WHO'S AFTER HIM?
NO ONE! HE'S AFTER SOMEONE A BIRD, NO DOUBT! NO NEED TO WORRY!
BOYS! BOYS! WHERE IS YOUR FINE LI'L COMPANION?
OH! THAT'S WHO'S AFTER HIM!
NO WONDER HE RAN OFF! DIDN'T GET YOUR PERCENTAGE THIS MONTH?
7
STOP KIDDING AROUND YOUR FRIEND IS IN SERIOUS TROU
BLAM
BAM
BLAM

HEY! WHY DID YOU DO THAT?
ABBEY ROAD
OLD FAGIN WILL SURVIVE HE'S IMMORTAL, REMEMBER? BUT FOR NOW
BEAT IT! THERE'S NOTHING THAT KEEPS YOU TOGETHER NOW
YOU KNOW HE'S RIGHT!
I, ME, MINE!
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO LIVE ON A FARM
THINK I LOST HIM! WON'T HE EVER LEAVE ME BE??
COME ON IN, SIR. YOU ARE WELCOME TO MY HUMBLE EATING HOUSE

HMMM ,IT'S WARM IN HERE AND THE FOOD SMELLS FANTASTIC!
WE ARE ONLY A TINY ES TABLISHMENT BUT WE DO OUR BEST TO PLEASE WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I WANT PEACE A HAPPY HOME A NICE WIFE. A KID.
AS I SAID, SIR. WE DO OUR BEST
WA.TRESS!
YES, SIR?
WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AND TAKE THIS GENTLEMAN'S ORDER?
WHILE I LOOK FOR ANOTHER WA.T-RESS


AHHH THIS IS THE LIFE I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN I HAVE BEEN THIS HAPPY
10
I REALLY FEEL AT PEACE WITH MYSELF
STARTING OVER
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT
YOU! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
WHERE DID I ALWAYS COME FROM? I WAS JUST THERE
WHY WERE YOU AFTER ME ALL THOSE YEARS? WHO ARE YOU?
I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE YOU
AND SINCE I CAN'T
BUT YOU ARE YOU ARE
NEITHER 'AM YOU!
BLAMBLAMBLAM

JUNGLE ROCK
by Sergio Macedo
HOO HAH!
IN THE HEART OF THE MYSTERIOUS ROCK JUNGLE RAGED A RACE ALMOST EXTINCT, OF WILD MUSICIANS - THE ROCKIN' BONGS THE INTREPID ROCKER MIKE THE BIKE LUSTED AFTER A FOREST FULL OF SURPRISES
DAMN HEAT! I HOPE I'M GOING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION
RRRRR!
AH IF ONLY I HAD LITTLE MOLLY, WITH HER BIG TITS AND BEAUTIFUL ASS, BY MY SIDE
ELVIS' BONGS
I CAN'T GET THAT CHICK OUT OF MY MIND I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THAT SHE LEFT ME - HEYYY!
SUPER CONCERT IN 10 MINUTES AT ROCKIN' BONGOLAND! CAN I BUM A RIDE?
SURE! HOP ON! WE'LL BE THERE IN TWO SECONDS!
FORE

THIS SHOULD BE FANTASMIC!
ADWOA BASSA, BASSA!
THIS IS OKAY BUT DOWN HOME ROCK N' ROLL EXCITES ME MORE GARAGE ROCK, PUNK ROCK, POWERPOP ALL OF THAT MAKES MY BLOOD SURGE
FAR-OUT!
MAN, I REALLY GET OFF ON THIS!
WHAT AN ASS! THIS FOX IS REALLY PUT TOGETHER

THIS AREA BELONGS TO THE BOURGEOIS CROWD WHO LIVE IN THE METROPOLE SECTOR THEY PLAY PLEB M BJAZZBONGROCK THEY HANG OUT HERE ONLY FOR VACATIONS LET'S GO SOMEWHERE ELSE
HEY! THESE PLANTS ARE PLASTIC!
HERE ARE THE CHICANOBONGOS, COUSINS OF THE ROCKIN BONGOS WHEN THEY'RE REALLY HIGH, THEY BURN THE ROOFTOPS
ON THE OTHER HAND I DON'T GIVE A DAMN ABOUT THEIR MUSIC I FIND THE PANTHERS THE MOST DESIR ABLE THEY CAN REALLY ROCK!
CHIQUITA!
RASTAMAN VIBRATION YEAH!
LET'S GO THIS WAY WE'RE NOT FAR FROM THE COAST DO YOU FEEL THE BREEZE?
YOU BET I CAN SMELL THE SEA!

POSITIVE VIBRATION YEAH!
THESE GUYS ARE GREAT! THEIR RHYTHM REALLY MOVES
WHAT A FANTASTIC BEACH COULD WE FIND A LITTLE CORNER, YOU KNOW? JUST THE TWO OF US
OH, MIKE
MOLLY! B-BUT HON
FORGET IT MIKE! JUST GET YOUR CLOTHES OFF! THAT WILD BEAT MADE ME HOT, VERY HOT!

THE END

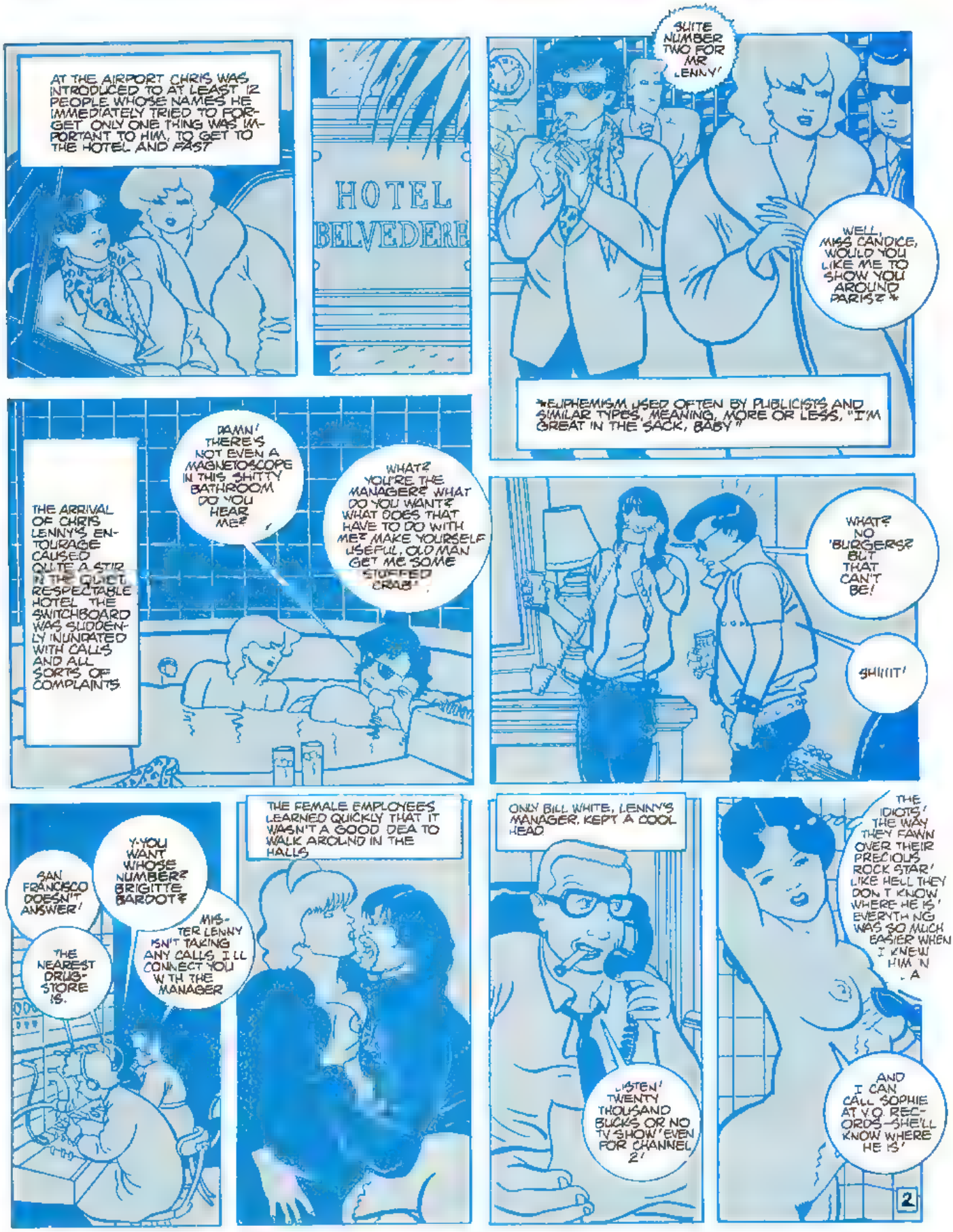
# Surprise Party

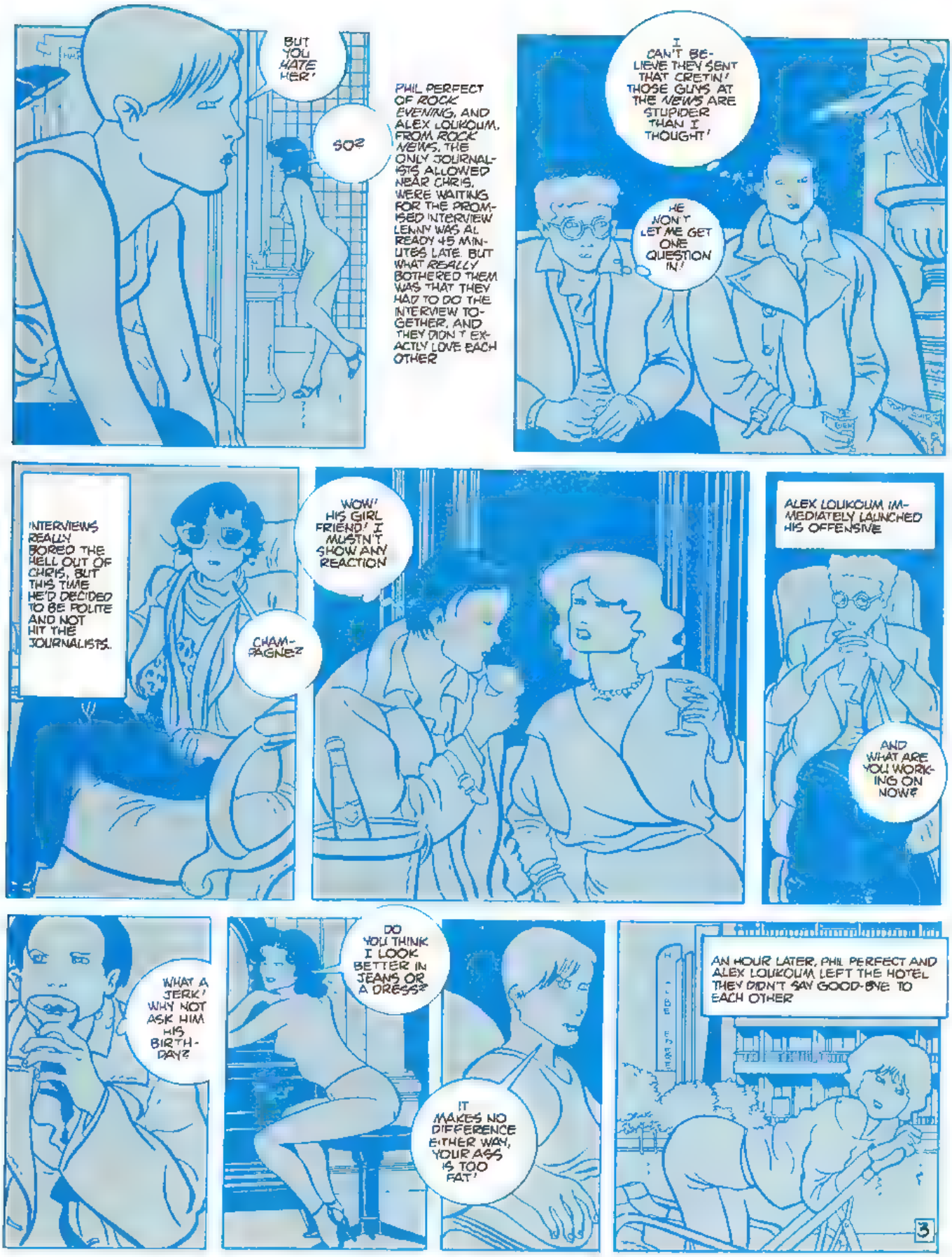
STORY
ART

CHRIS LENNY AND HIS BAND WERE ARRIVING FROM NEW YORK... WHERE THEY HAD JUST ENOUGH TIME TO TRASH [illegible] AVOIDED CRASH-LANDING AT ROISSY AIRPORT [illegible] WAGING BETWEEN PARTISANS OF JACK DANIELS AND REMY MARTIN...

THE PLANE FINALLY LANDED BEFORE THE WORRIED EYES OF K&Z RECORDS' PUBLICISTS, WHO'D COME TO WELCOME THE MOST FAMOUS ROCK STAR OF THE LAST FIVE YEARS (AT LEAST!)
I HEARD THESE GUYS SMASHED EVERYTHING IN THE K&Z BOSTON OFFICE!

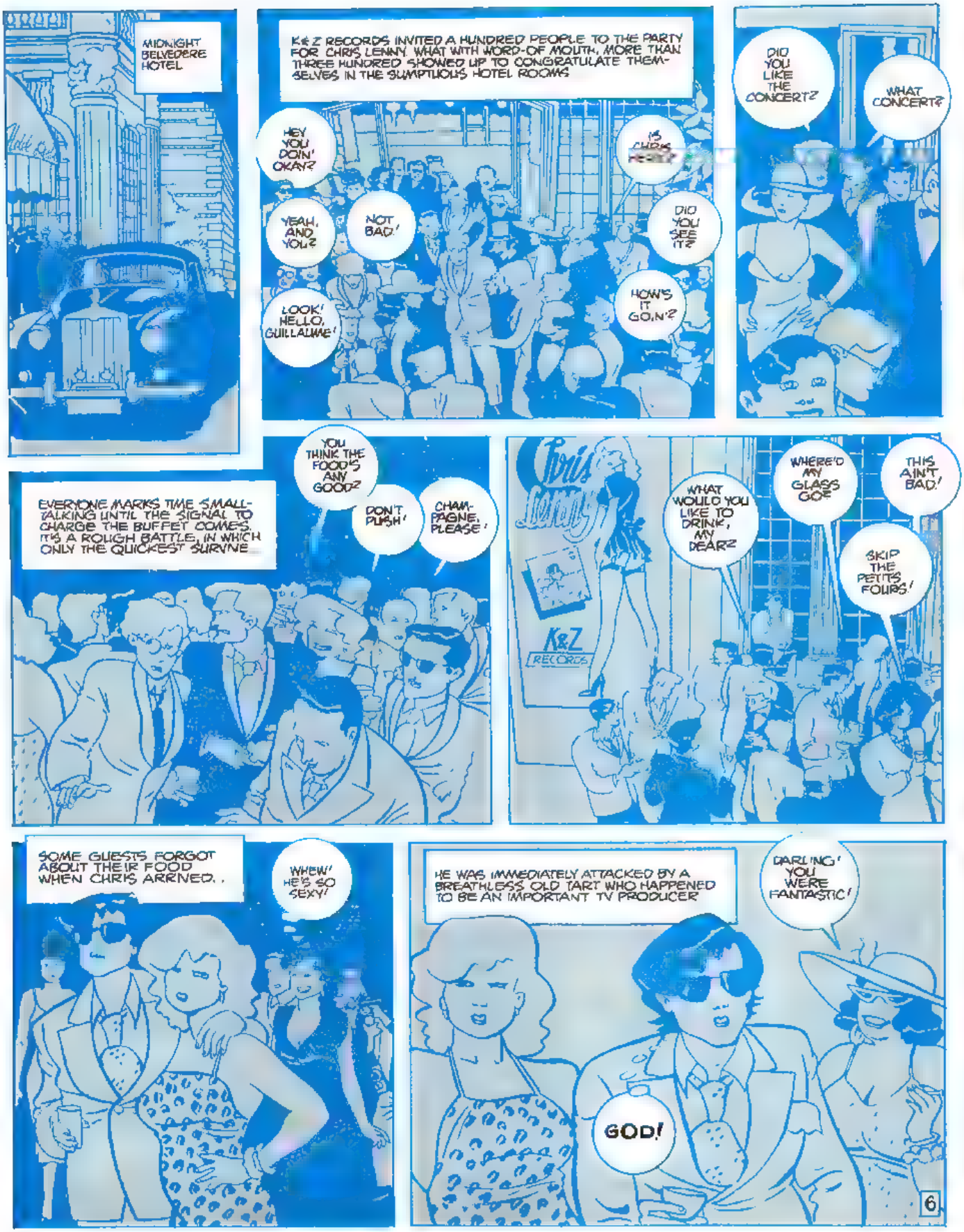
HANGING ON HIS ARM WAS CANDICE BOMBSHELL, A SUPERB BLOND HE'D PICKED UP AT A CHIC MIAMI CLUB CALLED THE KIT-KAT. SHE WAS A BIG HIT WITH THE PHOTOGRAPHERS
WOW!
HOT STUFF!
YOU'RE NOT JEALOUS ARE YOU? YOU UNDERSTAND, I JUST HAVE TO SEE HIM. HE'S AN OLD FRIEND, THAT'S ALL
I DON'T CARE!
WHY DOES SHE REALLY WANT TO SEE CHRIS LENNY?
1


AT THE AIRPORT CHRIS WAS INTRODUCED TO AT LEAST 12 PEOPLE WHOSE NAMES HE IMMEDIATELY TRIED TO FORGET. ONLY ONE THING WAS IMPORTANT TO HIM, TO GET TO THE HOTEL AND FAST
HOTEL BELVEDERE
SUITE NUMBER TWO FOR MR LENNY'
WELL, MISS CANDICE, WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO SHOW YOU AROUND PARIS?*
*EUPHEMISM USED OFTEN BY PUBLICISTS AND SIMILAR TYPES, MEANING, MORE OR LESS, "I'M GREAT IN THE SACK, BABY"
THE ARRIVAL OF CHRIS LENNY'S ENTOURAGE CAUSED QUITE A STIR IN THE QUIET, RESPECTABLE HOTEL. THE SWITCHBOARD WAS SUDDENLY INUNDATED WITH CALLS AND ALL SORTS OF COMPLAINTS.
DAMN! THERE'S NOT EVEN A MAGNETOSCOPE IN THIS SHITTY BATHROOM. DO YOU HEAR ME?
WHAT? YOU'RE THE MANAGER? WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH ME? MAKE YOURSELF USEFUL, OLD MAN. GET ME SOME STUFFED CRAB!
WHAT? NO 'BURGERS? BUT THAT CAN'T BE!
SHIIIT!
THE FEMALE EMPLOYEES LEARNED QUICKLY THAT IT WASN'T A GOOD IDEA TO WALK AROUND IN THE HALLS
Y-YOU WANT WHOSE NUMBER? BRIGITTE BARDOT?
SAN FRANCISCO DOESN'T ANSWER!
MISTER LENNY ISN'T TAKING ANY CALLS. I'LL CONNECT YOU WITH THE MANAGER
THE NEAREST DRUGSTORE IS.
ONLY BILL WHITE, LENNY'S MANAGER, KEPT A COOL HEAD
LISTEN! TWENTY THOUSAND BUCKS OR NO TV SHOW! EVEN FOR CHANNEL 2!
THE IDIOTS! THE WAY THEY FAWN OVER THEIR PRECIOUS ROCK STAR! LIKE HELL THEY DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS! EVERYTHING WAS SO MUCH EASIER WHEN I KNEW HIM IN A
AND I CAN CALL SOPHIE AT V.O. RECORDS—SHE'LL KNOW WHERE HE IS!
2


BUT YOU HATE HER!
SO?
PHIL PERFECT OF ROCK EVENING, AND ALEX LOUKOUM, FROM ROCK NEWS, THE ONLY JOURNALISTS ALLOWED NEAR CHRIS, WERE WAITING FOR THE PROMISED INTERVIEW. LENNY WAS ALREADY 45 MINUTES LATE. BUT WHAT REALLY BOTHERED THEM WAS THAT THEY HAD TO DO THE INTERVIEW TOGETHER, AND THEY DIDN'T EXACTLY LOVE EACH OTHER
I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY SENT THAT CRETIN! THOSE GUYS AT THE NEWS ARE STUPIDER THAN I THOUGHT!
HE WON'T LET ME GET ONE QUESTION IN!
INTERVIEWS REALLY BORED THE HELL OUT OF CHRIS, BUT THIS TIME HE'D DECIDED TO BE POLITE AND NOT HIT THE JOURNALISTS.
CHAMPAGNE?
WOW! HIS GIRL FRIEND! I MUSTN'T SHOW ANY REACTION
ALEX LOUKOUM IMMEDIATELY LAUNCHED HIS OFFENSIVE
AND WHAT ARE YOU WORKING ON NOW?
WHAT A JERK! WHY NOT ASK HIM HIS BIRTHDAY?
DO YOU THINK I LOOK BETTER IN JEANS OR A DRESS?
IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE EITHER WAY, YOUR ASS IS TOO FAT!
AN HOUR LATER, PHIL PERFECT AND ALEX LOUKOUM LEFT THE HOTEL. THEY DIDN'T SAY GOOD-BYE TO EACH OTHER
3

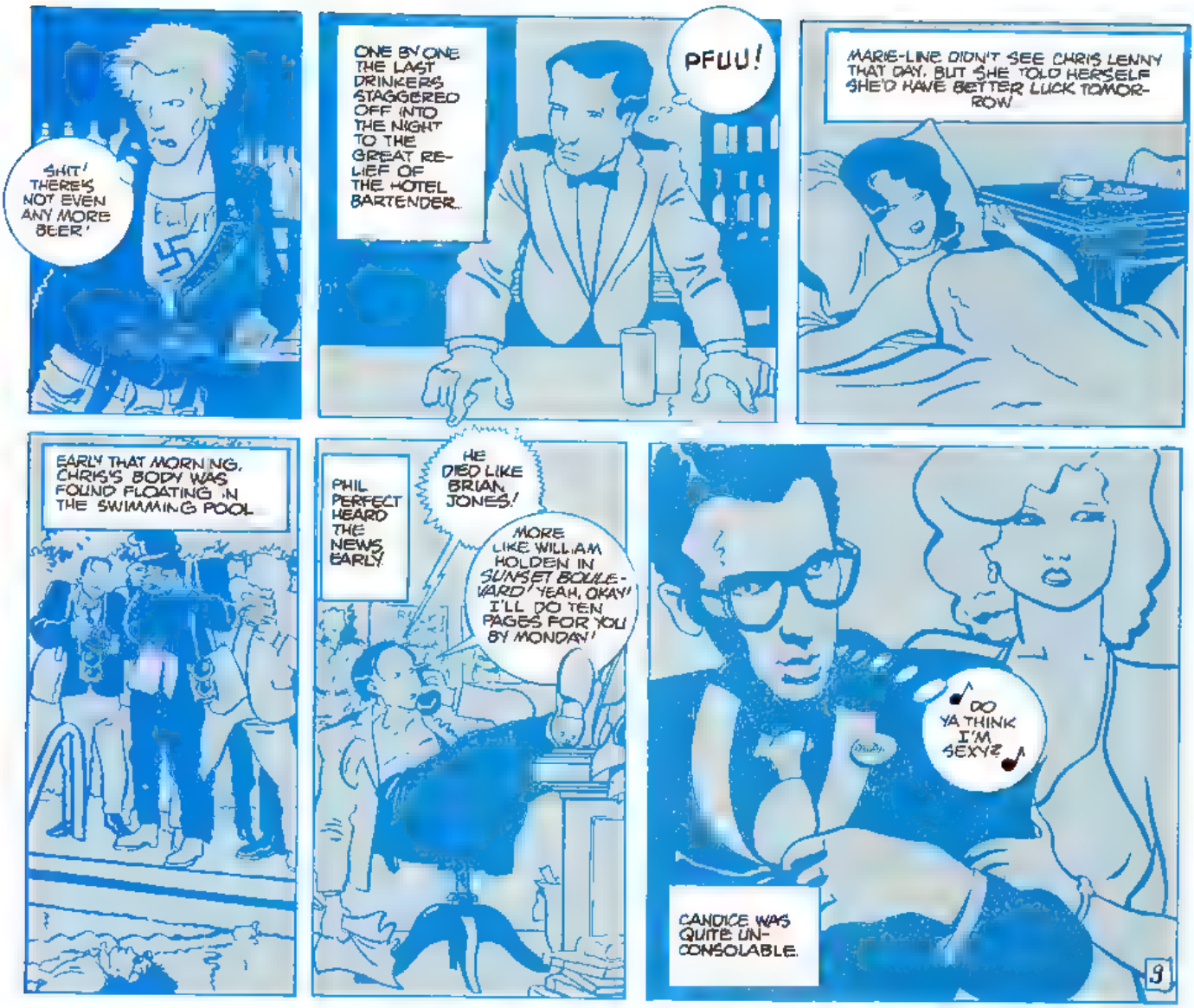
I DON'T KNOW I TRIED SOPHIE AT V.O RECORDS NO MAYBE AT THE CONCERT
Auditorium de Hotdog
THAT NIGHT, THE AUDITORIUM WAS PACKED WITH CRANKED UP KIDS
BACKSTAGE A MAGIC, BEHIND-THE-SCENES PLACE, WHERE ONLY A PRIVILEGED FEW ARE PERMITTED A HUNDRED PEOPLE BACKSTAGE MEANS A SUCCESSFUL CONCERT A STAR WITH AN EMPTY DRESSING ROOM HAD BETTER START WORRYING ABOUT HIS POPULARITY
I SAW CHRIS LIVE IN PHILADELPHIA GREAT SHOW!
OKAY! CATCH YOU LATER AT THE PARTY!
DO YOU HAVE A PRESS PASS?
DO YA THINK I'M SEXY
THE ROCK CRITICS HAD ANOTHER MEETING PLACE THE BAR
HEY, DO YOU STILL DRINK YOUR WHISKEYS FOUR AT A TIME?
DID YOU READ BERTEAU'S ARTICLE ON THE SWEETIES? HE'S NUTS!
EVER SINCE HE'S GOTTEN INTO REGGAE!
HOW'D YOUR INTERVIEW GO?
GREAT THE BEST I'VE DONE!
AND NOW... IT'S TIME FOR CHRIS LENNY
WHILE MARIE-LINE KEPT LOOKING
DO YOU KNOW WHERE THE PARTY IS LATER?
4

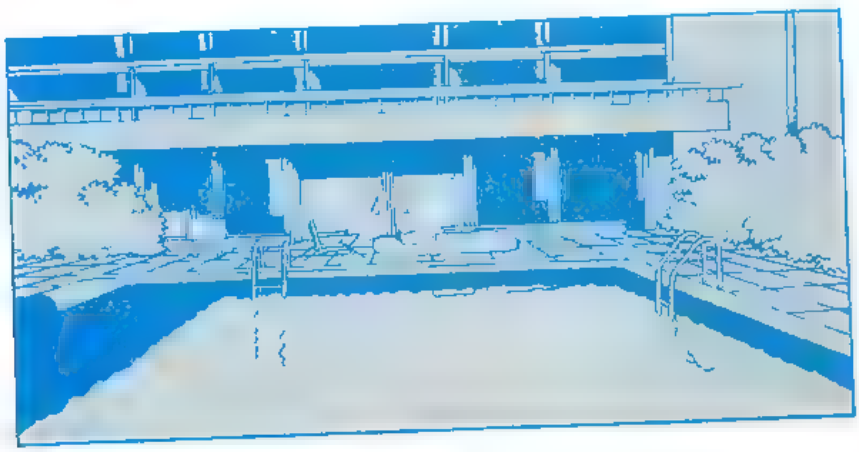
THE CROWD DANCED WITH PLEASURE! CHRIS REALLY KNEW HOW TO TURN THEM ON!
BABY, BABY, WE LIKE YOUR LEGS!
NOT ALL ROCK CRITICS SPEND CONCERTS BY THE BAR ONLY A FEW
YOU DIDN'T UNDERSTAND ANYTHING, YOU OLD FART! YOU WERE TOO BUSY LISTENING TO THE SOUND
YEAH, BUT IT AIN'T AS GOOD AS DUANE SCOTT'S LAST SINGLE
ARE YOU GOING TO THE PARTY AT THE BELVEDERE HOTEL?
THE SCREAMS DOUBLED WHEN CHRIS STARTED SINGING HIS BIG HIT
IF YOU WANT MY BODY IF YOU THINK I'M SEXY, COME ON, HONEY, LET ME KNOW!
PHIL PERFECT LOVED THE SHOW.
TOIL
ASK ME NO QUESTIONS AND I'LL TELL YOU NO LIES!
SHIT I'M SO FUCKING BORED EVEN THIS DRINK TASTES LOUSY
CHRIS LENNY GOT THREE ENCORES, A REAL TRIUMPH!
GO, JOHNNY, GO!
5


MIDNIGHT BELVEDERE HOTEL
K&Z RECORDS INVITED A HUNDRED PEOPLE TO THE PARTY FOR CHRIS LENNY. WHAT WITH WORD-OF-MOUTH, MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED SHOWED UP TO CONGRATULATE THEMSELVES IN THE SUMPTUOUS HOTEL ROOMS
HEY YOU DOIN' OKAY?
YEAH, AND YOU?
NOT BAD!
LOOK! HELLO, GUILLAUME!
IS CHRIS HERE?
DID YOU SEE IT?
HOW'S IT GOIN'?
DID YOU LIKE THE CONCERT?
WHAT CONCERT?
EVERYONE MARKS TIME SMALL-TALKING UNTIL THE SIGNAL TO CHARGE THE BUFFET COMES. IT'S A ROUGH BATTLE, IN WHICH ONLY THE QUICKEST SURVIVE
YOU THINK THE FOOD'S ANY GOOD?
DON'T PUSH!
CHAMPAGNE, PLEASE!
Chris Lenny
K&Z RECORDS
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO DRINK, MY DEAR?
WHERE'D MY GLASS GOE
THIS AIN'T BAD!
SKIP THE PETITS FOURS!
SOME GUESTS FORGOT ABOUT THEIR FOOD WHEN CHRIS ARRIVED...
WHEW! HE'S SO SEXY!
HE WAS IMMEDIATELY ATTACKED BY A BREATHLESS OLD TART WHO HAPPENED TO BE AN IMPORTANT TV PRODUCER
DARLING! YOU WERE FANTASTIC!
GOD!
6

MOMENTARILY SATISFIED, GLASSES CLUTCHED IN THEIR HANDS, THE GUESTS COULD NOW INDULGE IN THEIR FAVORITE PASTIME. VOYEURISM. THE EVENING PROMISED A LOT.
MAUD, MY DEAR, YOU LOOK SIMPLY RAVISHING TONIGHT!
HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE? AT THE PALACE, PERHAPS?
IT'S MY THIRD PARTY THIS WEEK NOTHING'S HAPPENING, BUT I LOVE IT!
I DON'T THINK CANDICE BOMBSHELL IS ALL THAT GOOD-LOOKING
SHE MUST BE THIRTY YEARS OLD, AT LEAST AND HER TITS DROOP!
I DON'T THINK HE INTENDED TO PUT OUT THAT FEELING AT ALL I FEEL SOMETHING MUCH DEEPER
AN ALMOST SUICIDAL SONG!
7

LISTEN, BIQUET, WE ABSOLUTELY MUST HAVE LUNCH NEXT WEEK. I HAVE SOMETHING JUST PERFECT FOR YOU!
PHIL PERFECT WAS CERTAINLY TIRELESS THAT NIGHT!
DO YOU THINK CHRIS LENNY'S GOOD IN BED?
WHO KNOWS? BUT HE'S GOT A GREAT ASS, THAT'S ALWAYS THE FIRST THING I LOOK AT ON A MAN!
CHRIS COULDN'T HAVE BEEN BOTHERED WITH ANY OF THIS HE WAS TOO BUSY TRYING TO GET THIS GEISHA BACK TO HIS ROOM, TO HEAR THE TAPE OF HIS NEXT ALBUM
IT WAS GETTING LATE. ONLY A FEW DIE-HARDS WERE LEFT AT THE BAR
YEAH, BUT HE DISAPPOINTED ME ALL THE SAME!
WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE SPLEENS LIVE, OLD-TIMER!
8


SHIT! THERE'S NOT EVEN ANY MORE BEER!
ONE BY ONE THE LAST DRINKERS STAGGERED OFF INTO THE NIGHT TO THE GREAT RELIEF OF THE HOTEL BARTENDER.
PFUU!
MARIE-LINE DIDN'T SEE CHRIS LENNY THAT DAY, BUT SHE TOLD HERSELF SHE'D HAVE BETTER LUCK TOMORROW.
EARLY THAT MORNING, CHRIS'S BODY WAS FOUND FLOATING IN THE SWIMMING POOL.
PHIL PERFECT HEARD THE NEWS EARLY.
HE DIED LIKE BRIAN JONES!
MORE LIKE WILLIAM HOLDEN IN SUNSET BOULEVARD! YEAH, OKAY! I'LL DO TEN PAGES FOR YOU BY MONDAY!
DO YA THINK I'M SEXY?
CANDICE WAS QUITE UNCONSOLABLE.
9



FIN

# FUTUREVIEWS

## by Lenny Kaye
## Paintings (and thunk of) by Jim Cherry

He was the Hunter. Sometimes it would be stacks of old records, labels giving off shards of history, the vibrato sounds of long-gone worlds echoing back at him. Each had its own mode of communication: cylinders, flat disks, 78s and 45s and 33s (some 16s), videar cassettes. Or it would be old books, their colors still lurid with the displayed longings of a time and place, the written folklore of a people universally the same, forever different.

Today it was ancient magazines, a passion all the more breathtaking for its temporality. These were not meant for longevity, he noted, even as they crumpled in his hands while he turned page after page. Yet they captured a moment far more closely than some things destined for immortality do: an innocent naivete, the ability of a race to indulge its own foibles far better than any other earthly animal does.

He liked the science-fiction magazines the best, especially as they grew more archaic, the author's fantasies progressively more ecstatic in light of duller current events. He'd move from there to the sex periodicals, searching for his favorite perversions through many decades. Then, relaxed, he'd head to the music magazines, a diary of man's most abstract art, and his favorite: shredded *Hit Parader*s, the yellowed newsprint of *New Musical Express*, the scrapbooklike *Rock Scene*, *The Face* (still shiny after all these years, he marveled), *Techno Times*, the populist *O Music Mine*.

Here, for instance, was a great one. The October 16, 1993, issue of *Our Stars*. Almost forty years ago, thought the Hunter. He regarded the magazine sadly, as he would a lost child, leafing through it. They cared so much about what they were doing. What would they think when it all fell apart a few years later?

There was no answer, just an empathy that transcended nostalgia. Sometimes he thought he came into this place to ask himself the same questions, surrounded by the artifacts of a world that could never exist again.

He adjusted his breather, placing the magazine in a pouch of his raid suit. He'd read it more carefully when he got back to his quonset hut by the edge of the 'burbs. If he went out tomorrow, he would find some of the records in the review column. That would be a treat. Then he could turn on his 'cap, read the magazine, and pretend he was there.

He knew just where to look. After all, he was the Hunter.

**Note: Laser-disc technology has reduced record size to that depicted here.**

*Mind Life*
Tari Hitori
(Yen 4067-DE*)

The Japanese rock boom (or rok-i-wara, as "the divine electric typhoon" came to be known) has produced many spectral performers since the advent of Machiko in the late eighties.

Even those who saw it coming (John Lydon's self-exile to the city of Atami in '85) were not prepared for the tenacity with which Japanese original music took hold, rejecting Western scales while at the same time taking advantage of Japan's superior instrument-making technology. For the first time, purity of tone within tone could become a primary concern to Japan's synthesist masters, whole symphonies constructed on the variations of shapes within the sawtooth wave. It called for a surprising delicacy, as nationalistic as it was cerebral, and Tari Hitori demonstrated early on that she had her traditions well absorbed.

Still, the jagged, unpredictable intervals of *Mind Life* play havoc with the unity of mood she elevated in such earlier works as *House of Atlantis* and *Cave*; the result is unsettling, a quality that promises rapprochement with Western music even as that music is in the process of rejecting itself in favor of more introspective metaphysics.

*Mind Life* recognizes the need to move on, to place in motion the whee s of change. A round sound, this note of perpetual turning.

*Really Play*
The Arch Angels
(Tooth and Nail 34593)

Rock 'n' roll has always been a music of violence and anger, but it's taken the metropolitan street gangs to bring the form into new and terrifying immediacy. Based loosely on the late-seventies punk explosion and its eight-years-later revival, hardcore, this new generation of high-frequency kamikazes are *Really Play*ing their deadly games for keeps.

The Arch Angels lead this terror brigade in both casualties and inflicted wounds from their home base of Gary, Indiana. Using digitally encoded instruments whose aim is to do ear shattering bodily harm (on rivals such as the neighboring Beast Eaters), they have blazed a bloody path through the Midwest, arriving at national recognition in time for last year's Mayhem Days. This prolonged riot, the result of a gauntlet tossed to seven equally billed bands, left scores of spectators and musicians wounded, the final death toll estimated at eighteen (with two life-support systems still in operation).

No wonder the Angels, survivors of that body-strewn bash, like to crow a little on this latest release. "The Photographer's Pit" is ringleader Dario Fabio's good-humored recreation of the event, while the brutal "Ear Drummer" shows where the group likes to aim its sonic assault. Don't expect subtlety, in fact, don't expect.

*March of Progress*
The Silicon Chippies
(Foozy 2NO8)

Miniaturization is one of the stated aims of electronics, but the Silicons have gone to extremes. On each one-hour side of this laser disk are no fewer than three hundred individual "cuts," speeded up or slowed until your brain is able to catch only fleeting aural patterns, heard differently each time as the impulses register emotionally (sublimated) or logically (understood).

Several short pieces run together, or they might fragment and be heard on their own. Longer selections ("The Black Camel") extend to more traditional song length despite the mind's desire to hurry on. As an experience, it is somewhat akin to the jerking start-and-stop of a broken elevator, the same vertiginous rush of blood to the head and dizziness.

The ultimate question is "Why?" By choosing radically to place form over content, the Chippies enhance what they feel is a concept album based on the parade of technology from the industrial revolution to the present day. After all, it's not what you make, it's how you make it. That said, why is the progression of textures so static? Progress implies movement from place A to place B (or the reverse, depending on your moral code). The Silicon Chippies, running in place through the strata of their sides, go nowhere, symbolizing a computer-age obsolescence for the new assembly line.

*July 27, 1980*
Ocean to Ocean
(Mer 110)

Long rumored, presumed lost, and recently uncovered when producer Ray Fourchette was going through some old audio rehearsal tapes, these are the celebrated first performances given by Ocean to Ocean. Though success for the band was still several years in the future, you can hear the first tentative reachings for what would become an imaginative fusion of the classical and popular music idioms, a unity from which they drew their name as well as inspiration.

Hindsight makes this seem easy enough, but it must be remembered that prior to Ocean to Ocean, such efforts were either superficial (the ill-advised "rock opera") or ridiculously top-heavy (Samuel Turner's doctrine of "The New Pythagorean"). Ocean to Ocean scratched the surface under the tutelage of Glenn Branca in 1983 with their first actual release, *Singapore Exile*; and once honed, their technique was prodigiously applied in a quest to bring together all musics. The aptly named "Ulysses Symphony" needed practically a full annotation to track its many academic sources, and when, in 1989, the group performed an early show at Carnegie Hall for the musical establishment followed by a late improvisation at the chic Zut! club for the avant-underground, their cultural cachet was established.

*July 27, 1980* contains none of the later sophistication, however, and much of their sense of adventurous fun. "Summerville" is almost pastoral in its blend of sarangi and Egyptian zither, and the field hollers overlaid by Wilson Wilson are both referential and enervating. Truly trance-continental.

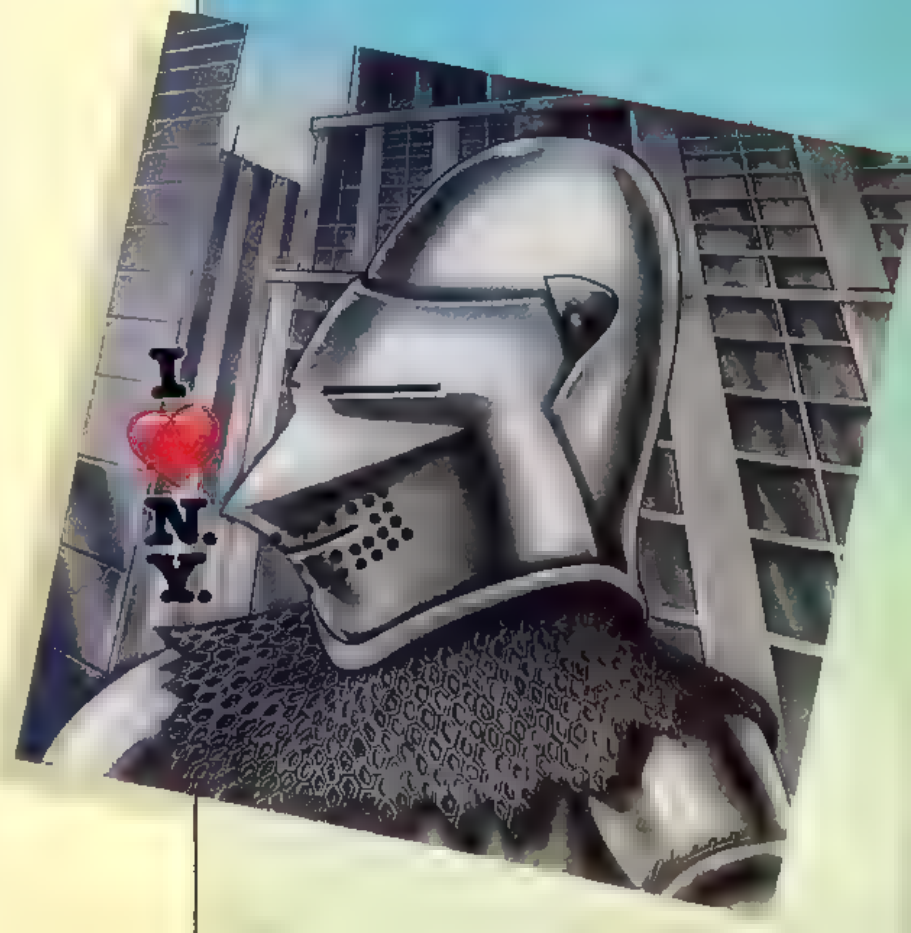
*I Love N.Y.*
Various Artists
(Dem Eyes 4444)

Modern compilation albums have the lucky attribute of introducing a music scene in sweeping gestures. By the listening (or watching—this is tracked from a documentary video) end, one knows who's who, the range of goods and bads, and a host of other subcultural trivia that are probably out-of-date by their very inclusion. In the case of the *au courant* Seven Gen ("-eration") bands, this kind of guided tour is essential for those who don't want to be run over roughshod by a syntho-cannon.

Musically, these groups are mediocre at best, not even having paused to learn the basics of much vaunted punk primitivism (i.e., that of the Arch Angels), still, it is interesting to uncover what a trend-setting city like New York (actually New Bronx, where most of these bands are based) makes of its blunter outland competition.

Predictably, the style is razor sharp, a fine line that belies security, and under the banner of Unrealism, combinations like Knit One Slash Two and Jugular show they have the willpower to draw a comfortable bead on the weapons stockpiles of their local arenas. The Devil's Own, for example, offer up sentiments like "Bone Drone" amid the sound of real limbs cracking. Also predictably, there are no credits on the sleeve for such sacrifices.

It is tempting to decry such mindless torture as art for anybody's sake, but after the bland, survival-oriented grindstone that characterized the eighties, it's even more welcome to see the shackles of self-restraint lifted. As the Rabies sing in what has become a movement anthem: "Stick it in/Stick it in/And let the Seven Gen begin!"



*On the Siegfried Line*
Blazing Bongos
(Carolon SMAK 2646)

This is familiar territory, a virtual Greatest Hits from that pluperfect pop group of the nineties, Blazing Bongos. Composed of twins Vern and Bern Odalisque and their hook-laden henchman and henchwoman, Rick Lime and Tara Scott, this band has demonstrated the dictum that no matter what style of music is successful, or how it may be presented, the eternal verities of the Top 40 hold true.

"Your Pet Regrets" was the one that begat the band's life-in-a-litter-box stance, introducing the Bongos' twin-pronged edge of wry emotionalism. They hurt and feel, but they're as likely to pull a smile from those tear-soaked orbs as another frown. "My Nose Is Runny, It Knows You're Gone" is a step either way from the sniffles, while "Light-Years from You" posits an interstellar heartbreak.

Meanwhile, the Bongos know that lyricism is only partially the path to people's hearts (and credit cards). Using the full resources of the Recreation Studio (their programming of instruments is especially noteworthy), they have also compu-modeled key phrases, judging each chorus for balanced sibilants and vowels. The result is that you begin humming Bongo tag lines long before you're aware of their meaning—a hypnotic trigger that has you carrying the record out of the store in the guise of instinct.

Like the original *Siegfried Line*, *On The . . .* is an implacable defense that makes up in solidity what it lacks in mobile imagination.

*Rivets*
Zowie Bowie
(Azrak 5054L-346)

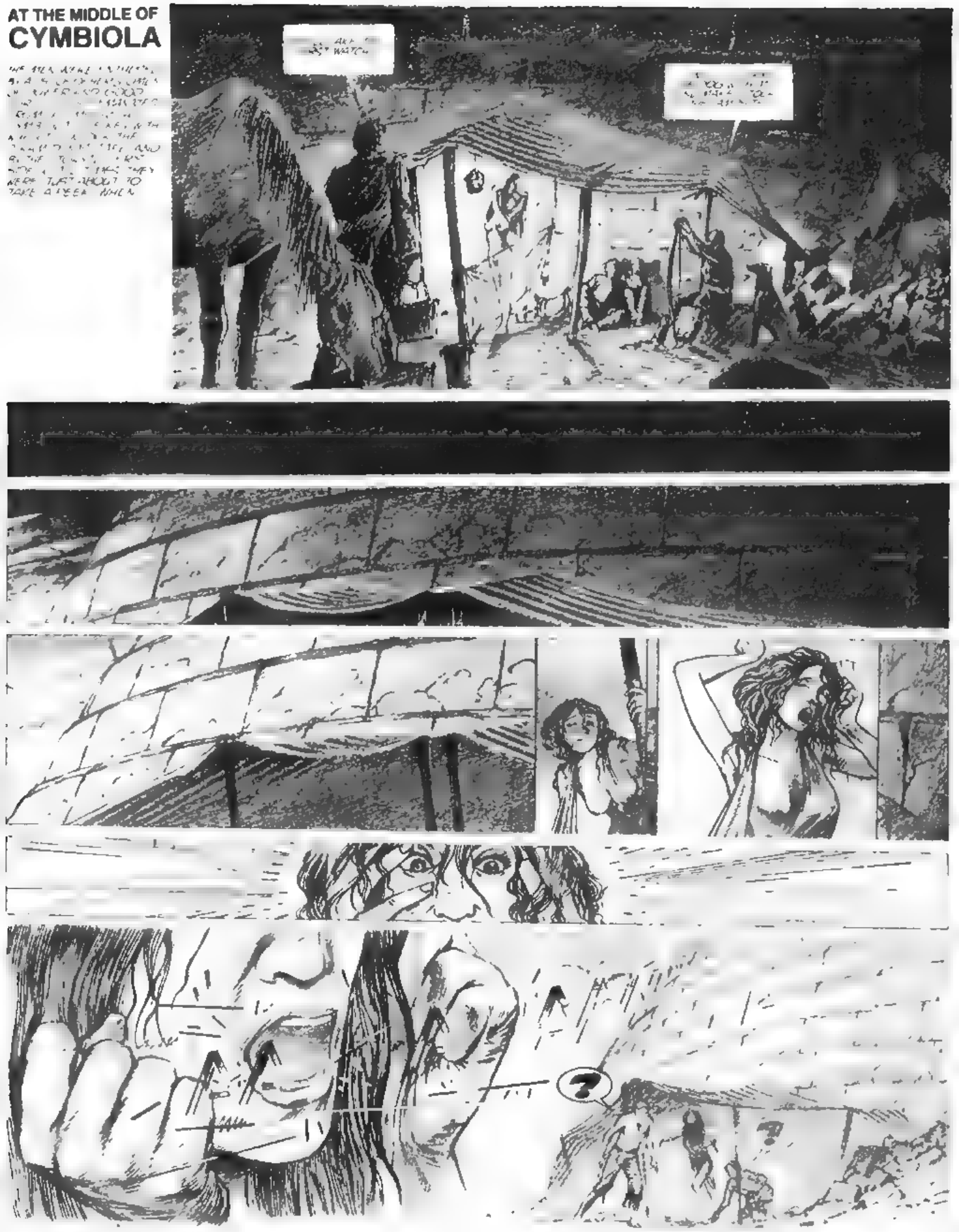
And so the boy of legend grows to be a man. Sharing his famous father's sense of commitment and harkening back to David's early years as a musician, Zowie Bowie was among the first Western artists to embrace the Japanese drive into inner space. As the dialog heated between increasingly acrimonious cultures, swiftly scissoring communications, Zowie was forced to choose between two worlds. He opted for the East and spent his adolescence in one of the many pop-music conservatories that, dojolike, sprang up throughout Japan in the late eighties.

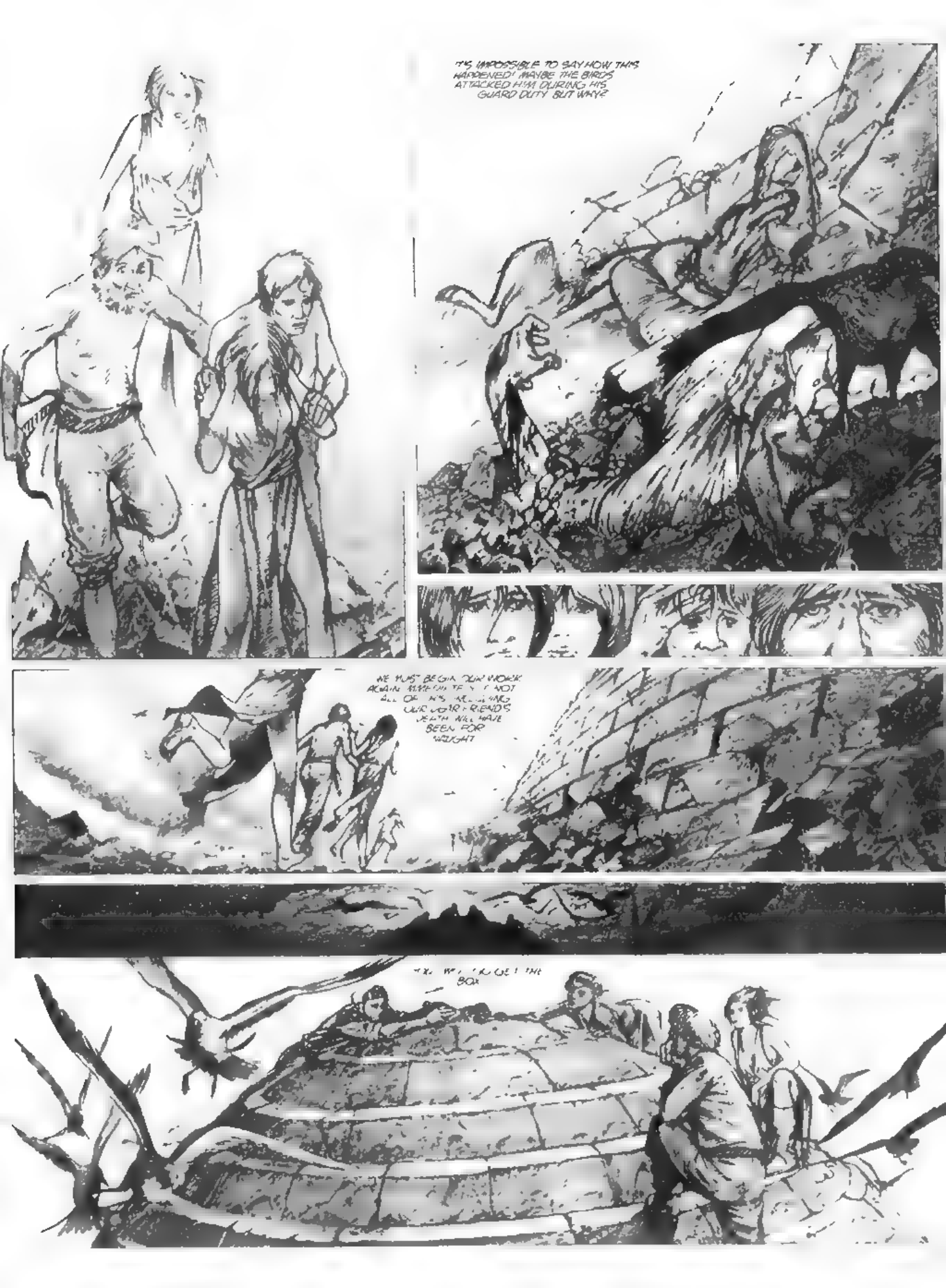
He now returns to tell us his tale, or rather, in the Japanese manner, unfold his perception. His theme is the Idea, Idea-as-Theory if you will, the instant of creativity. He has threaded his carpet so that where one instrument begins and another leaves it's impossible to tell, even in the total immersion of the Mitsui Porta-cap Zowie models on the cover, sound vibrations delivered directly to audio pressure points on the skull, subverting the need for outside ears.

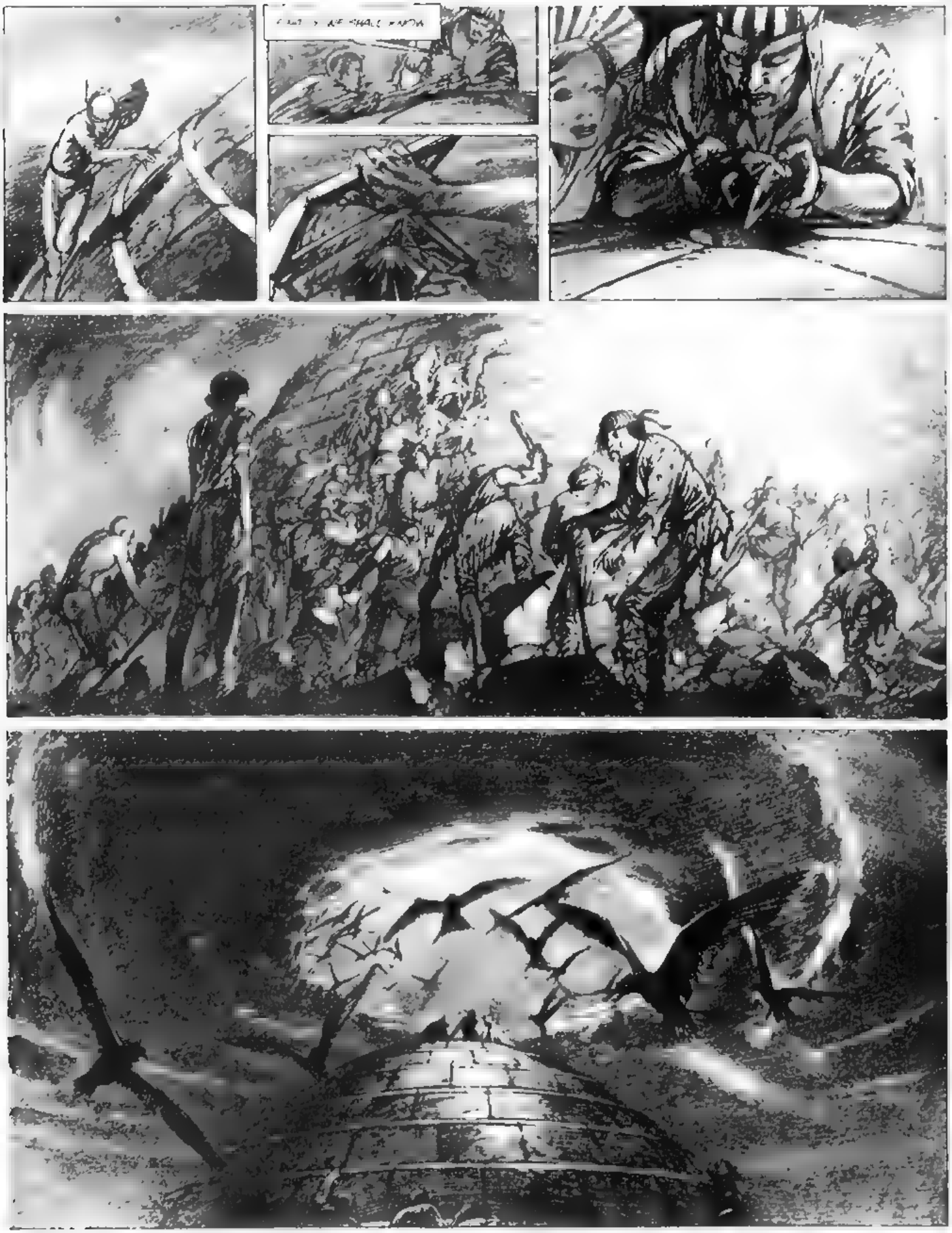
Rather than attack the problem from several angles, as a multisong approach, he has opted for a single threnody, an uninterrupted environment that might well be the sound of nature on another plane. It leads to a telepathic level in which all thought is Idea, the unexpected commonplace; perhaps it becomes a path to a whole new chain of being. Zowie Bowie knows a lot more than he's telling, but that, too, is the Japanese way.

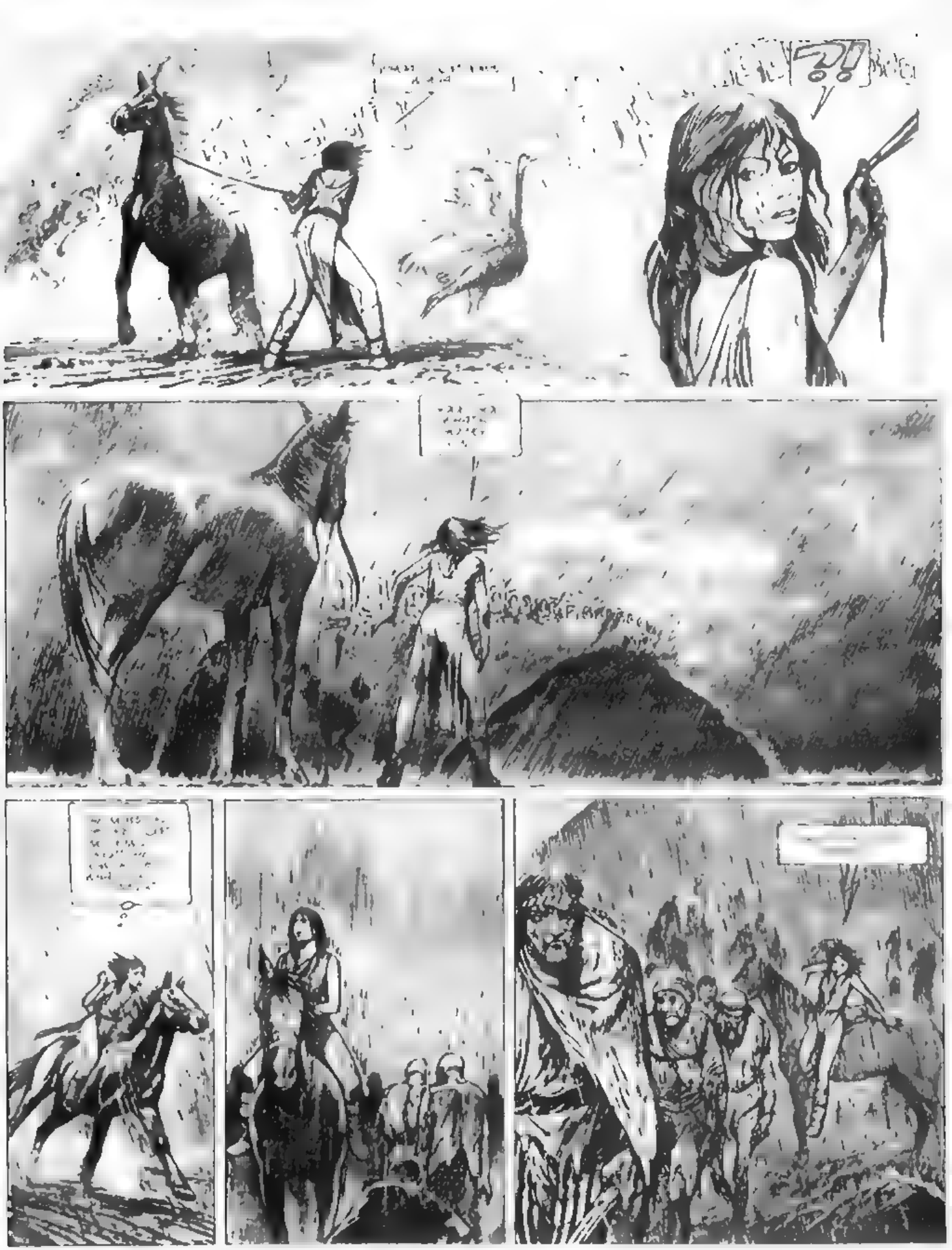
I'M AGE
© J JONES 1982
SO THIS IS ALL THAT'S LEFT AFTER A BIGHEAD DIES
WHEN I'M DEAD, CAT, I WON'T KNOW CATS.
I WON'T KNOW CATS FOREVER, CAT. FOREVER.
THAT'S A LONG TIME NOT TO KNOW CATS
GLAD TO KNOW YOU, CAT.
JEFFREY JONES 982

# AT THE MIDDLE OF CYMBIOLA




IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO SAY HOW THIS HAPPENED! MAYBE THE BIRDS ATTACKED HIM DURING HIS GUARD DUTY BUT WHY?
WE MUST BEGIN OUR WORK AGAIN IMMEDIATELY IF NOT ALL OF US INCLUDING OUR VETERANS DEATH WILL HAVE BEEN FOR NAUGHT





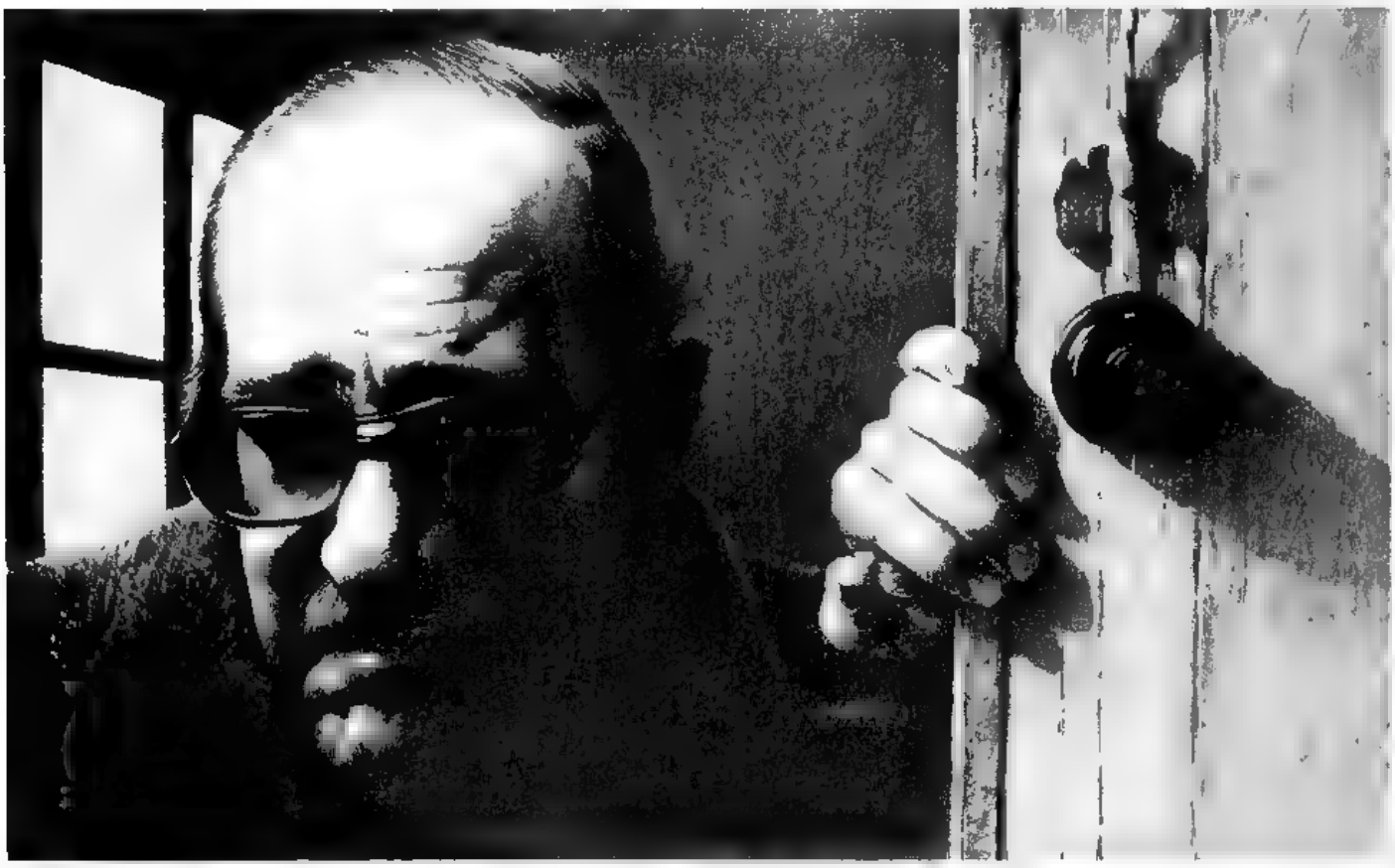
HEY WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? ANSWER ME!
MY FRIENDS HAVE DIS APPEARED! THE PYRAMID IS DESTROYED AGAIN!
I SHOULD LEAVE AND GET OUT OF THIS NIGHTMARE!
YOU SEEM CONCERNED WHAT EXACTLY HAS HAPPENED?

TO BE CONTINUED

# NOVA 2

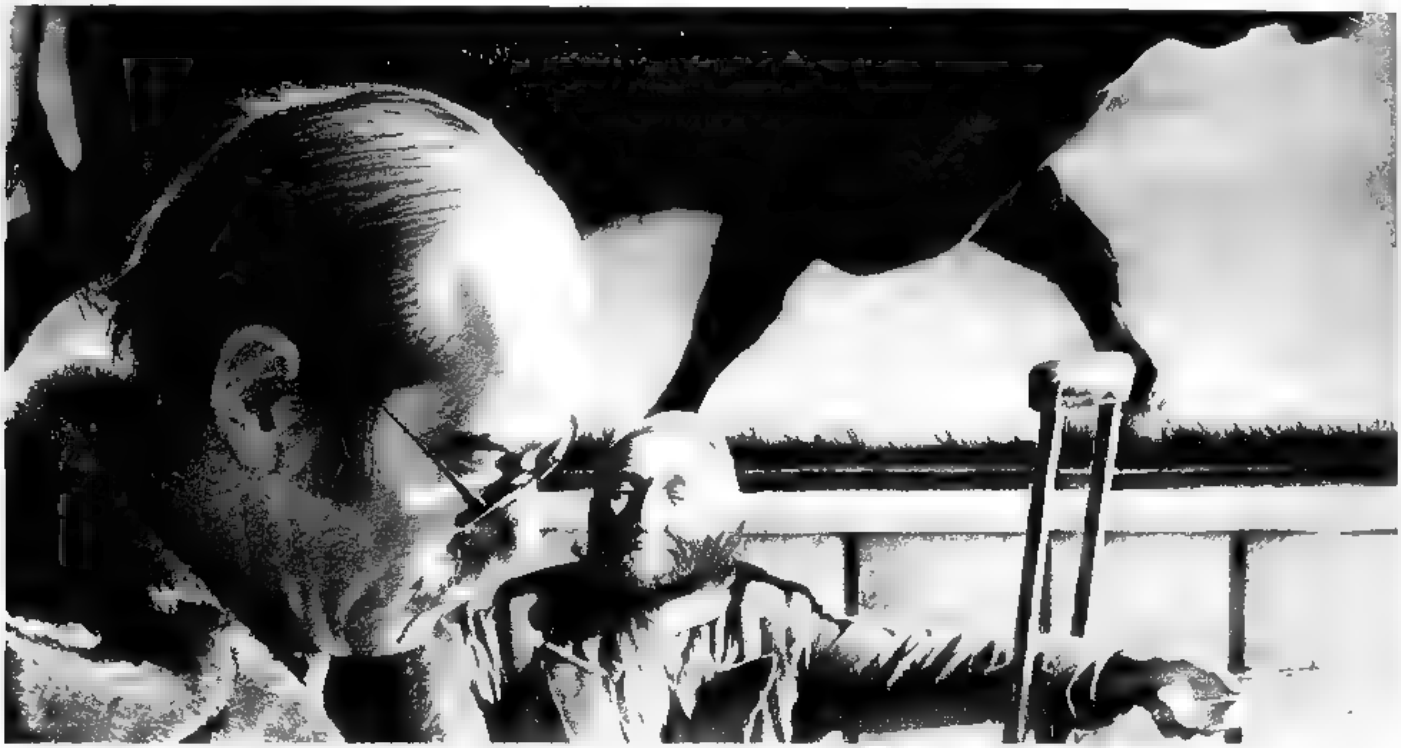
*continued from page 33*

WHEN HE LEFT HIS HOUSE VICTOR RAMOS—A NATIVE BARCELONAN AND, SO HE SAYS, A DESCENDANT OF THE HAPSBURGS*—DIDN'T KNOW THAT HE WAS GOING IN SEARCH OF DEATH



*HAPSBURGS: AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN IMPERIAL FAMILY ORIGINATING FROM THE CASTLE OF THE SAME NAME CONSTRUCTED IN WERNER IN THE ELEVENTH CENTURY IN THE TOWN OF HAPSBURG, CANTON OF AARGAU (SWITZERLAND). RUDOLPH I. WAS THE FIRST OF THE FAMILY TO OCCUPY THE GERMAN THRONE IN 1273. SINCE THEN MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY HAVE OCCUPIED THE THRONES OF BOHEMIA, HUNGARY, SPAIN, THE AUSTRIAN DOMINIONS, THE NETHERLANDS, PART OF ITALY, MEXICO, AND LAST THE IMPERIAL THRONE OF AUSTRIA UNTIL 1918. THE FAMILY'S GREATEST FIGURE WAS CARLOS I OF SPAIN AND KARL V OF GERMANY. PHILIP THE HANDSOME, WHO MARRIED JOAN THE MAD, STARTED THE SPANISH HAPSBURG LINE WHICH DIED WITH CARLOS I. IN MEXICO THEY WERE REPRESENTED BY MAXIMILIAN, YOUNGER SON OF THE EMPEROR FRANZ JOSEF OF AUSTRIA.

VICTOR RAMOS WAS, IN NO WAY A REVOLUTIONARY, AND ALLOWED HIS LIFE ITS OWN CONSIDERABLE FREEDOM, FOLLOWING NO ONE ELSE'S RULES OR MANIFESTOS

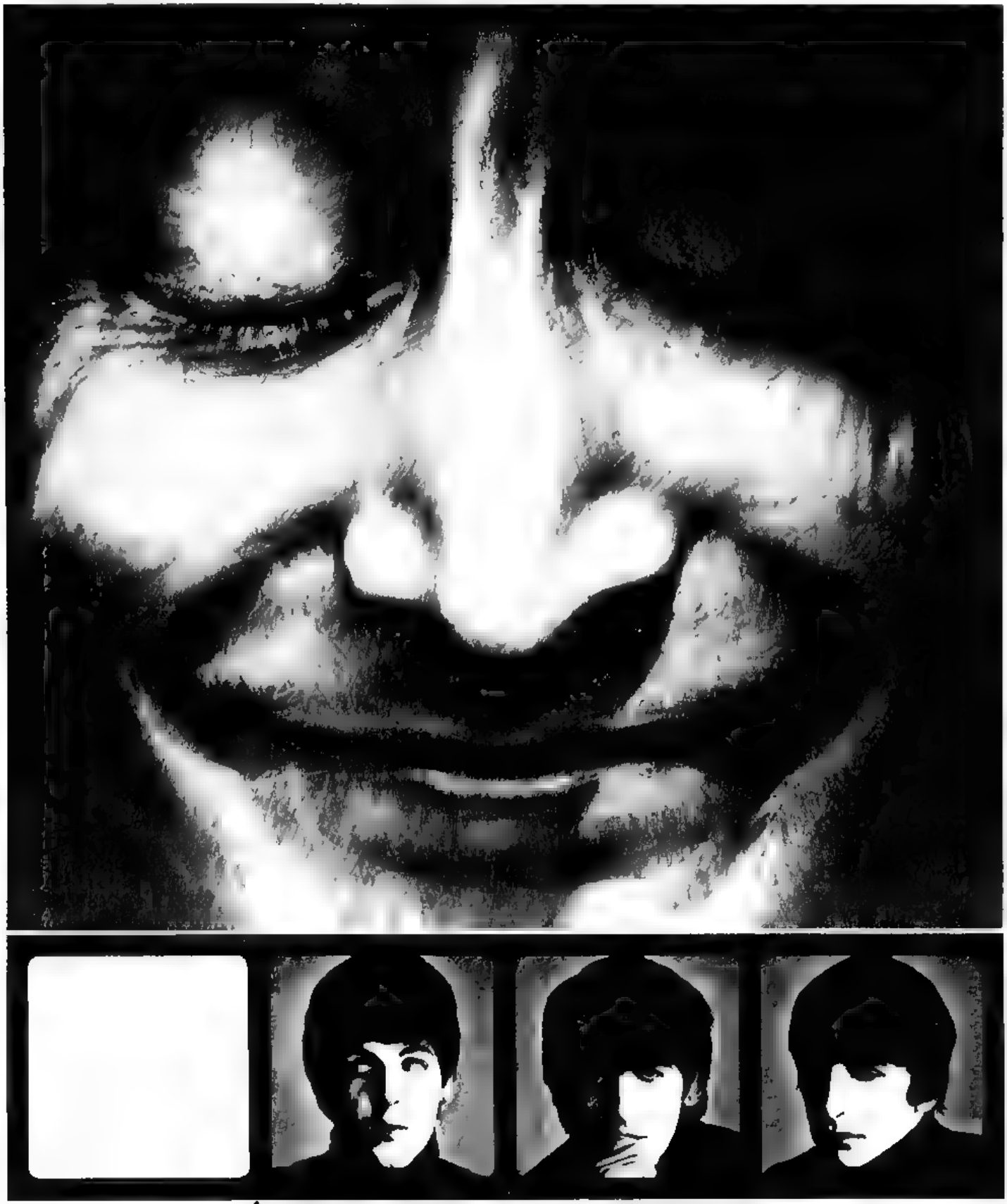


HE TOLD HIS FRIENDS THAT THE ULTIMATE REFINEMENT OF PHILOSOPHY LAY IN THE DISCERNING OF DIFFERENCES BETWEEN EQUAL THINGS, AND THAT NOT ONE

OF THE COUNTLESS PHILOSOPHERS SINCE HERACLITUS HAD UNDERSTOOD THAT ONE CAN NEVER ENTER THE SAME RIVER ON TWO SUCCESSIVE MOMENTS

DEATHS! SUICIDES! INSAN TY! ASSASSINATIONS! THEY ARE DESTROYING THE MYTHS AND SYMBOLS OF A GENERATION A GENERAT ON THAT ASTONISHED, UPSET, AND SPREAD WIDE OUR SOCIETY WITH THEIR DEMANDS OF THE IMPOSSIBLE!

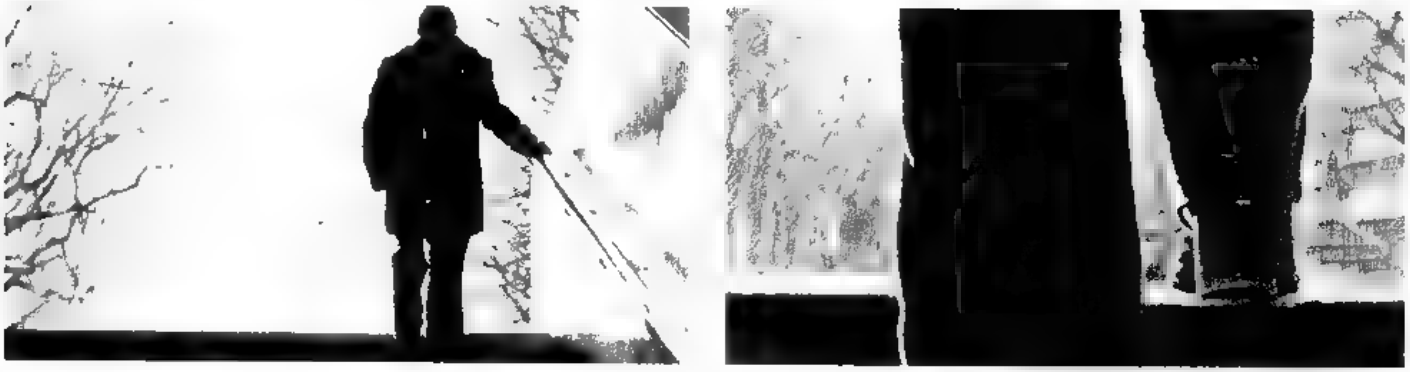
ELVIS PRESLEY HENRY MILLER HERBERT MARCUSE, JEAN-PAUL SARTRE, ALEJO CARPENTER ALFRED HITCHCOCK, JEAN SEBERG ROMAIN GARY LOUIS ALTHUSSER, MARSHALL McLUHAN, JOHN LENNON



# "THE DREAM IS OVER"

VICTOR RAMOS WAS KILLED, PUSHED TO SUICIDE, DRIVEN CRAZY, ASSASSINATED

AND WITHOUT KNOWING WHY HE SUDDENLY REMEMBERED AN OLD POEM



"I CANNOT KEEP MY SILENCE, WITH NOTHING MORE THAN A FINGER WHETHER TOUCHING MY MOUTH OR POINTING TO MY FOREHEAD, COUNSELING SILENCE OR THREATENING FEAR HAVE YOU NOT A VALIANT SOUL? ALWAYS MUST YOU FEEL WHAT YOU SAY? AND NEVER HAVE TO SAY WHAT YOU FEEL?"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

DOSSIER

# OUT TO LAUNCH

Last year's public attention focused on *Voyager II*'s Saturn flyby, the space shuttle *Columbia*'s two orbits, and Reagan's budget cuts sparks anew an old debate: Do we *need* a space program? To judge from three new nonfiction books, the answer is yes, yes, yes.

Potentially the most influential among them, Ben Bova's *The High Road* (Houghton Mifflin) disastrously undercuts its propagandistic intent. As befits the executive editor of *Omni* magazine, Bova displays a masterly command of historical, sociopolitical, and—of course—scientific fact in a thoroughly convincing argument for the use of space as an infinite resource for energy and social betterment, passionately believing this to be intrinsic to our future survival on Earth. *The High Road*'s opening chapters, however, express such bitterness over the delays and lack of faith that have plagued the space program since the Nixon years—a bitterness that becomes understandable when Bova details NASA's original prospectus for the seventies and eighties—that they manage to alienate all but those who either already agree with the author or treasure a sense of "science club" superiority.

Meshing agreeably with *The High Road* are *2081: A Hopeful View of the Human Future*, by Gerard K. O'Neill (Simon and Schuster), and *The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Space Technology*, by Kenneth Gatland et al (Harmony Books). Both contain not a whit of Bova's acerbity. In *2081* O'Neill, an eminent physicist, conducts a visionary exercise as to what life will be like among commonplace technological wonders a century hence were we to make decisions of the sort Bova supports. O'Neill's method is first to examine the overly wishful or cautionary futures of Orwell, Huxley, and others for flaws in their reasoning and, keeping within the strict parameters of present-day science and the probabilities of social acceptance, then to take an exhaustive, lucid tour through the most "average" future landscape O'Neill can imagine.

Subtitled "a comprehensive history of space exploration," the *Illustrated Encyclopedia* works in much the same way. Those who find (or seek) solace in the space efforts of the U.S., the U.S.S.R., and other nations—or are simply curious about how the John on Skylab functioned—will delight in this beautifully laid out and meticulously researched volume.

—Robert Morales

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The captain says, "The ship is sinking." People say he's a pessimist. He says, "The ship will float indefinitely." He's an optimist. But this has nothing to do with whatever is happening with the leak and the condition of the ship." So, rightfully, believes William Burroughs. This fundamental difference of opinion between optimists and pessimists is evident in new books about the seaworthiness of spaceship Earth by three science-fact and -fiction writers, all of whom share the unquestionably appealing notion of getting off the planet and into space, outer or inner.

As the nation's chief advocate for space colonization, Gerard K. O'Neill is solidly in the optimist camp. This is immediately clear from the subtitle of his latest offering: *2081: A Hopeful View of the Human Future*. Sure, there'll be nuclear wars and all manner of lesser disasters, but, irredeemably hopeful, O'Neill predicts that—despite them all—technological achievement in the coming years will be of such sweeping magnitude as to totally revolutionize life as we know it, bringing about a new order of plenty by 2081.

O'Neill's optimism is shared, to some extent, by Ben Bova, as is obvious to anyone familiar with *Omni*'s salvation-through-technology party line. But Bova also writes fiction, and in *Kinsman* (Dell), a new novel, optimism is tempered by political realities. The book's astronaut hero, Chet Kinsman, is dedicated to the dream of founding a moon colony. Like Gerard O'Neill, he sees space as a chance to create a new and peaceful world, free of the problems so threatening to this old one. But as the book progresses, such ideals are discarded as readily as last year's worn-out space suit. The way to salvation, Kinsman discovers, is a ruthless round of backslapping and backstabbing, at the conclusion of which he's learned to live with compromise. In fact, he fully accepts the certainty that his cherished peaceful little moon base is likely to become "the biggest military operation the world's ever seen."

John Lilly—whose vanguard experiments combining isolation tanks and powerful drugs, with himself as the guinea pig, provided inspiration for the movie *Altered States*—is a pessimist. If we're to believe his "novel autobiography," *The Scientist* (Bantam), he has spent the last several years in inner space, obsessed with the drug ketamine, an anesthetic which unscientifically speaking—chemically severs the cerebral cortex from the lower brain, conducing to incredible out-of-body experiences. His main obsession, however (or so he claims), has not been the drug per se but the drug as a means of contacting certain noncorporeal Others beyond the e.t.r. ("extraterrestrial reality"). And They informed him that a "solid-state entity" in some far-off galaxy intends, with the help of our own computers, to sink the ship, to occupy the earth, dry up the seas, and enslave and eventually kill all living things. Or at least John Lilly. In the course of his research, Lilly has broken numerous ribs in nasty falls and nearly drowned once. In fact, it's a wonder he's still alive at age sixty one to write his autobiography.

—Jeff Goldberg

## The *Columbia* Takeoff

You're in Florida, bored out of your brain. Suddenly, it's shuttle launch time at the recently redesignated "Kennedy Spaceport Center." With a cooler of six-packs, you cruise to Cocoa Beach on A1A. At what looks like land's end, you will arrive at Jetty Park, a *Man Who Fell to Earth* ocean-front park preserve directly south of Complex 39, *Columbia*'s cradle. Natives and tourists unanimously agree it's the most transcendental spot to watch the blast-off from. While many go berserk when the *Concorde*-like *Columbia* lands, the unparalleled thrill of getting it up is what gets science-fiction and -fact space nuts off.

When *Columbia* makes a right turn, thrusts into orbit, and bends into the horizon before your eyes, you osmotically acknowledge the weirdness of the curvature of the earth that the astronauts themselves see.

—Daphne Davis

## Additional Flights of Space Fancy

*Earth Watch*, by Charles Sheffield (Macmillan), leaves the impression that abstract expressionist painters get their ideas from some primal knowledge that the earth as viewed from space looks like the most unimaginably abstract image. Scientist-writer Sheffield presents images that expand man's sense of place in the universe. Given this confirmation of our basic beauteousness, no mysticism is required for inspiring awe.

*Space Liner: The* New York Times *Report on the* Columbia's *Voyage*, by William Stockton and John Noble Wilford (Times Books)—A solid, entertaining hard-facts primer on the shuttle's evolution and launch, with a little carping on the derailing of the original notion of reusable space transport (the Russian deployment of manned rockets forced us away from the X-15-style flight toward the Mercury program). Not much philosophy, just the facts.

—Brad Balfour

Illustration by Larry Lee

# Novina

Your worst fears are true. Next to the rock critic racket, Elvis's last days look like a Billy Graham crusade. But educating you ignorant, tasteless showbrains is one filthy job. Somebody's got to do it, though, and it usually falls to some geek with enough arrogance and self-importance to supply our government's executive and legislative branches for years to come.

As an innately curious, obsessive music listener since childhood, I took up writing about rock as a way of figuring out just why I like ordered noise—in essence, rationalizing my gut responses. Most of the clowns already doing it had either horrible pedestrian tastes or negligible writing ability (often both), so here was my chance to be paid for self-examination (which I do anyway) and simultaneously to propagandize for the music I liked (thereby countering all the years of moronic criticism I'd endured in silence).

In the past two years I've learned enough to begin drawing tentative parameters defining my tastes (instincts determine ideas, not vice versa). The bottom-line attraction for me is sound texture, the tactile sensuality of music. Neophiliacs such as myself require that good music be somehow unique, perhaps stylistically derivative but expressively specific to itself. Introspection is important—reaching either into oneself or outside the mainstream for a statement beyond transitory pleasure (the goal of most pop music). Emotional depth and honesty should also be present, and the music must withstand repeated listenings in a variety of circumstances. My sucker buttons include synthesizers (funny noises make me hot), compelling rhythms (no special variety, just ones that are viscerally involving), a tragic/pessimistic world view (Jov Division[1]), and an expressive, unusual voice.

A day doesn't go by, however, when one or more of these critical principles doesn't suicide down the dumper. That's healthy, I think. In fact, since I've become a world-recognized rock-music authority, my tight sphincter has loosened to such an extent that a well-crafted, appealing bit of pop, like Olivia Newton-John's *Physical* (MCA), can catch my fancy without guilt-trapping me at the same time. Not that I'm ready to go out and buy her appalling records—but it does illuminate the virtue of flexibility. As does Frank Sinatra's new LP, *She Shot Me Down* (Warner/Reprise). I never thought I'd be able to stomach this sort of Vegas-slick, boozy sentimentality, but damned if the old dog's portrayal of a self-pitying sap's drunken-stupor crooning doesn't get to me. Slickness doesn't always conceal vapidity.

But it's in the borderland, mainstream-outlaw territory that I really get into trouble. Records like the Cars' *Shake It Up* (Elektra) and the Ramones' *Pleasant Dreams* (Sire) shouldn't get anywhere near my untainted turntable, given what I've said. But through a combination of insidious pop insistency and just enough character to set them apart from the rest, they burrow their way into my heart. I've fallen for the Cars' Rick Ocasek's voice (Bryan Ferry with a whiplash) and Greg Hawkes's grinning idiot synth, while hometown favorites the Ramones have entertained me with their tongue-in-cheek, militant regressivism since '75. I'm forced to view these as flirtations, though, and not as involvements that'll stand the test of time (check back in five years).

Feelings of loyalty introduce complications with old faves Ultravox's *Rage in Eden* (Chrysalis) and Devo's *New Traditionalists* (Warner Bros.). From a totally detached viewpoint, each record constitutes the respective band's weakest effort, emotional wrenching ironed out, concept formularized and emasculated. But there is *something* in the Ultravox that compels a daily turn on the table, while the Devo has long since been buried. Nostalgia triumphing over reason? I frankly can't tell.

Bow Wow Wow's debut, *See Jungle! See Jungle! Go Join Your Jung Yeah! Cuty and Over, Go Ape Crazy* (RCA), poses a more convoluted ambivalence. Basically, I hate it—from the Malcolm McLaren contrived adolescence to the conspicuous tribalism, all ringing less true than Reaganomics. But so what. I spent a whole goddamn day last week whining "Chihuahua" to myself on the subway, proving that a conceptual offense isn't automatically an aesthetic one as well. (I pray for more records like Prince's *Controversy*, on Warner Bros., which I can hate on *all* levels, no matter how many people tell me it's "hilarious.")

Music that challenges casual, listening habits is more up my alley, and naturally it confounds most record buyers. What's the point of purposely offensive dungs like Zev's *The Salt of Heavy Metals* (Lust/Unlust), a barrage of Neanderthal pound-age calculated to frighten cowdy neighbors of all species? Or Wire's studied exercise in sloppy brutalism, *Document and Eyewitness* (Rough Trade)? There's little to say about people who can't differentiate between intensity and offensiveness, or flee for the drug cabinet when things get ugly. Is it they who suffer because they shut down on the Residents' brilliant *Mark of the Mole* (Ralph) before it gets a chance to spread itself out? Or does the band suffer its obscurity? I know this stuff isn't for everybody, but does that mean I can't review it favorably without appending 'Buy at your own risk" to the rave? If I do that, then should I also announce "I hate the Beatles" every time I review a pop record? Like I said, it's a filthy job. Wanna trade?

—Lou Stathis

# Wandering Minstrels

You're part of a rock super-group, unconditionally idolized by hordes of young consumers. Silk-suited capitalists bloody themselves in checkbook mosh for the rights to the group's as yet unconceived products. Freed from the plebeian constraints of wage earning and office politics, your ego grows unchecked. Who needs these geeks, anyway? So you leave the womb of past success and take wing as a wandering minstrel, spreading your own vision of modern music (with a satchel of golden oldies to toss to the ignorant masses if they can't quite place the face).

Recently, as fewer supergroups find it economically or personally desirable to stay (work?), the record stores are teeming with *solo* albums. The question is, who pulls it off and who's jerking off.

*Greg Lake* (Chrysalis): Long-time American Lake & Palmer prog-rock became an exercise in excess. Lake's self-titled escape is brooding and uneven, but the best cuts are surprisingly models of restraint.

*Marty Balin's Balin* (EMI America): Formerly the male voice of the Jefferson Airplane/Starship, Balin rebounds from his hideous, stuck-in-mud *Rock Justice* with a catchy package. Lightweight, but listenable.

*Ozzy Osbourne's Diary of a Madman* (Jet): Ozzy tries to bring black-humor to metal music. He fails. Last laugh goes to his old mates in the original heavy-metal joke, Black Sabbath.

*Michael Schenker's MSG* (Chrysalis): The ex-UFO axe man proves that beefy metal and music are not contradictions. The best hard rock since Led Zeppelin.

*Mike Love's Looking Back with Love* (Boardwalk): Fellow Beach Boy Carl Wilson proved to grow up on his solo LP, albeit unsuccessfully, but Love's is sticky sweet-band nostalgia.

*Lindsey Buckingham's Law and Order* (Asylum): If the Beach Boys were still a vital force, they might sound like this. Clever, harmony rich, fanpop from Fleetwood Mac's resident eccentric.

John Entwistle's *Too Late the Hero* (Atco): The Who's bassist teams with fellow wanderers Joe (Eagles) Walsh and Joe Vitale. Together, the trio get lost in a maze of conflicting styles, though they do have moments.

Roger Daltrey's *Mad* (Columbia): A solid effort, with Stones-Woody symptoms unknown. A classic example of rock-star megalomania.

Ringo Starr's *Stop and Smell the Roses* (Boardwalk): Ringo become-a-legend who can never hope to regain his former greatness? At least Ringo maintains his sense of humor. You'd better, too, if you're going to be a Beatle.

—Joel Bernbaum

# VIDEOFIED OR FIED

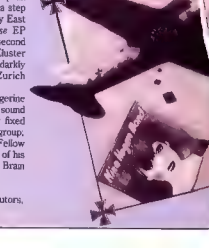
Three recent rock videos illustrate problems inherent in shooting a rock band live. Granted Willy DeVille, Ian Hunter, and the Rockats aren't the most theatrical rockers, but the camera angles, directing, and editing here show clearly that it takes musical and visual imagination and empathy to get a group across, beyond the one-dimensional concert view.

Although in *Live at the Savoy* (Warner-Amex) Willy DeVille exudes street reality through every sweaty, zitty pore—the cool hepster reborn into a world he never made the camera doesn't need to swoop in to capture his delivery from one close-up to another. DeVille emanates such hipness he doesn't need the camera two inches from him—he's the kind of guy you wouldn't want to get that close to—so the director's only shot produces a flatness instead of impact. The editing, which is consistently executed behind the beat, interferes with the dramatic tuning of DeVille's delivery. Director Bill Boggs could take a hint from D.A. Pennebaker and Ricky Leacock directing Jimi Hendrix or Otis Redding in *Monterey Pop* for the relative merits of the close-up, and how to avoid showing too much of the backing group when filming a riveting performer.

The same holds true for Boggs's direction of Ian Hunter in *Live at the Dr. Pepper Festival* (Warner Amex), except that he is faced with other dilemmas: Hunter's schleppy back-up band; and a large stage where each musician is given equal weight from the other. A skilled hand is needed to make Hunter look good even with a visual foil such as his previous sidemen Mick Ronson and Hilly Michaels, but with this bland band he (and the film) becomes immediately dismissable. Todd Rundgren once suggested, "If you have a dramatic presentation where an actor does a bad job of portrayal, you can't just cover it with psychedelic blobs falling across the screen." An exception should have been made in this case.

The Rockats attempt onstage excitement in *Live at the Ritz* (Island Video) but fight the cameras with every move. As soon as lead singer Dibbs does something interesting, the stand-up bassist blocks the shot with his instrument. Directors Mike Liebert and Tommy Werner switch from camera to camera with such abandon that it's impossible to get a focus on the group. To judge rock videos by these three examples, the medium would seem to be in such a crude state that one could do better with sports-event producers handling the equipment.

—Jon Tiven



# Krauts vs JAPS

So you think we won the Second World War, huh? Well, if we had, we'd all be driving Hupmobiles instead of Toyotas and Volkswagens, and America's streets might be safe from the sound of Kraftwerk's "Pocket Calculator" blaring forth from Sanyo ghetto blasters. But the German group's new-wave-disco hit may be only the spearhead of a modern musical blitz: das neue Reich & Roll seems poised for an electronic invasion.

In the vanguard is Lene Lovich's crony Nina Hagen, famed for her televised display of masturbatory techniques on a recent European talk show. Her latest, *Unbehagen* (German CBS), takes her a step farther from the Bobs while continuing to showcase her early East German operatic training. Der Plan's *Vormalitta Surprise* EP (OPTLT003) and Deutsche Amerikanische Freundschaft's second album, *Alles Ist Gut* (Virgin), have a klanging electronic Kluster sound chained to the drive of the Sex Pistols. D.A.F.'s darkly nihilistic lyrics echo the slogans of the mysterious Zurich "Movement."

If Kraftwerk is the VW of this bombastic analogy, then Tangerine Dream is surely the Mercedes-Benz. Their creamy, melodic sound track to the motion picture *Thief* (U.S. Elektra) has finally fixed some American attention on the world's premier synthesizer group, and its haunting sequel, *Exit* (Elektra) may capitalize on it. Fellow synthesist Klaus Schulze rebounds strongly from the debacle of his *Dune* album with the digitally recorded *Dig It* (digit—get it? Brain Records). So, Achtung, Jungen—and HEIL HAGEN!

(Most German releases are available from JEM Record Distributors, South Plainfield, N.J.)

Forty years after its demise, the Greater Asian Coprosperity Sphere has risen from the ashes to bomb Pearl Harbor once again—this time with space-age gadgets. And hard on the heels of the hardware come the Casio VL-Tones of techno-pop, the first truly Japanese entry into the world-music market.

Techno-pop's pioneers, the Yellow Magic Orchestra, after an unhappy earlier experience with disco, now influences us (no, Ultravox!, and Rap music on their latest release, *BGM* (U.S. A&M), influences that they've translated into a disciplined synthetic sound riddled with harmonic genius and incomprehensible lyrics. As in WWII, communication seems to be a problem for the Yellow Peril; Sheena & the Rokkets, influenced (like YMO before them) by Devo's *Space Junk*, pronounce their version "Reedyo Yank" (Japanese Alfa Records). Even so, they have a fresh, vivacious sound more appealing than the spastic rhythms of the Plastics (U.S. Island). Both groups' subliminal eroticism adds a new weapon to the invaders' arsenal.

The Japanese fare better when they eschew English altogether, and solo synthesist Kitaro proves it in his *Silk Road* trilogy. Parts 1 and 2, released as single albums (Jap. Canyon), have had such impact abroad that they were recorded as a symphony by the London Philharmonic, and Part 3 is due any day. This epic is as delicate and exotic as Zen mysticism. You can't read the liner notes? We'll all be turning Japanese soon enough. BANZAI!

(Most Japanese releases are available from Greenworld Record Distributors, Torrance, Calif.)

—Rod Kierkegaard, Jr.

As the techno-revolution goes on, so do those capitalizing publishers ready to focus on an ever more specialized world. Now for the techno-freak and techno-peasant alike comes *Technology Illustrated* ($15 a year, Box 2806, Boulder, CO 80322)—a simple consumer guide to machine fetishism. From digital recording to auto-erotics, it's there for the fad gadgeteers. Real diehards should check out *High Technology* ($18 a year, Box 2810, Boulder, CO 80322), the hard core journal for the truly addicted techno-freak. Language here is more on the order of *Scientific American* than of *Omni*, but it's not altogether dry.

# AddendA

—Brad Balfour

Report from the hinterlands: In this case, Maine and Pittsburgh, Pa. The matter at hand, horror Meister Stephen King and all his projects underway. 1) *Creepshow* (King's E.C.-comics-inspired multistoried script as directed by George Romero) is in postproduction, thus leaving King time beyond his acting role (he plays a main character in one of the segments) to finish his comic-book script writing toil: that is, doing a sixty-four-page adaptation of his filmscript with artist Bernie Wrightson—and there could be no better choice. New American Library will be publishing it as a large-size paperback. 2) Romero will be directing King's screenplay of his book *The Stand*. 3) Dino De Laurentiis has bought the rights to make *The Dead Zone*. 4) Deals are in the works for *Firestarter* and *Cujo*. 5) Meanwhile, King is putting finishing touches on a four-short-novel collection tentatively entitled *Different Seasons*, to appear in August '82. 6) And in the midst of all that, he and Peter Straub are pursuing their collaboration on a novel of—you guessed it—mystery, suspense, and horror, called *Talisman*. 7) (Finally!) The busy guy is also at work on another novel all his own. Isn't that enough? It's just a horror thinking about it all.

Long in its postfanzine state of grace, *Trouser Press* has leapt into that hallowed realm of magazine enterprising—the giveaway. Now comes the step forward as *Trouser Press* ($15 a year, 212 Fifth Ave., NYC 10010)—one of America's foremost, and few, journals of the rock underbelly—joins the flexi-disk revolution by introducing, in its January '82 issue, a series called "The Flexi-File." Orchestral Manoeuvres begins the run; it's followed up by Holly and the Italians, Japan, and more to come. The series boasts the not-available-elsewhere tag. Erstwhile *Trouser Pressers* say this is only the beginning of *TP*'s flexi-treats.

And joining the flexi-fad, *New York Rocker* has intro-ed its disk—a two-sided, four-song, thirteen-minute-long set of songs by Hazel O'Connor, 999, the db's, and Ian Gomm. Done in cooperation with Albion Records, it appears in *NYR*'s issue #47—for subscribers only ($11 per year, 166 Fifth Ave., NYC). More to come, possibly with Stiff and Lovely Music.

Good for them, good for us, but tape the disk after the first play—they wear down very easily. That's something *Flexi-Pop* readers in England know about, for it was the first rock 'zine to do the flexi-fun in each issue. Issue #12 even had two! (Get 'em from 38 Mount Pleasant, London WC1, England, or Bonaparte Distribution, 5 Crosby St., NYC 10003.)

And two personal oddments: Don't forget (as we did) to grab a glimpse of Terry Gilliam's book *Time Bandits*, a very funny look at a surprisingly funny film. And speaking of fun—as in the Fun Boys Three—let's get something straight (something our editorial mite didn't): they and their first single *do* make it, despite the erroneous report of last issue's Addenda.

## Sci-fi and Books and Rock 'n' Roll...

HEINLEIN'S STARSHIP TROOPERS WAS GREAT GIRL'S SUPER HEROES WERE FUN BUT FELL SHORT ON SUB STANCE NO FALLIBILITY NO HEAR SOME INPUT THEY WERE MEN'S CHARACTERS OKAY
SO NOW WOMEN WRITE IT BUT IT'S STILL FULL OF FAIRY TALE SHIT ENDLESS COSTUME DESCRIPTIONS AND BRATTY LITTLE GIRLS
WHAT ABOUT CHERRYH MCINTYRE OR OCTAVIA BUTLER? THEY OFFER THE EXCITEMENT OF A REALLY PERSONAL STYLE, PLUS A BADLY NEEDED, AUTHENTIC CONSCIOUSNESS—
MCINTYRE'S FIREFLOOD* ? TOO SAD TOO MUCH ISOLATION I LOVED THAT CHARACTER LAENA, BUT SHE WAS SO TRAGIC
TILL IT'S FRESH INPUT THE BODY AWARENESS INTO TECHNOLOGY THE BIO CONTROL HER VISION OF THE DARK SIDE OF FUTURE SOCIETIES AND ABOVE ALL HER FEMALE SURVIVAL
I SUPPOSE YOU LOVED WAVE WITHOUT A SHORE* WITH ITS MORAL MINEGAMES AND CHILDREN AT ESTATE
YOU MISS THE POINT CHERRYH SAYS CREATIVITY IS BOTH MYSTICAL AND POLITICAL HOW MUCH MORE TIMELY CAN YOU GET?!
* TIMESCAPE † DAW
AT LEAST ADMIT BUTLER SCORED WITH WILD SEED* A WISHY SENSUAL GRASP OF THE SUPERNATURAL, SO EMOTIONALLY COMPLEX FOR A FANTASY THAT SHE SPEAKS ONLY SECONDARILY AS A BLACK ARTIST. JUST SERVES TO UNDERSCORE HER POWER AS A COMMUNICATOR AND RACONTEUSE!
* TIMESCAPE
TO RING TO MAKE SOME KIND OF STATEMENT OR SOMETHING
BUY ME A DRINK SMARTASS
GARÇON!

# EDITORIAL

*continued from page 4*

options from the technologies at hand. The fundamental structures that run our brains give shape to an ability to adapt. And such collaboration reveals to us that whatever traditional barriers may exist can be thrown aside according to need.

I've seen the power rock and roll has incited and the wonder sf arouses, consciously or not, about the intrusion of such high tech realities. But are we going to be like dogs responding to Pavlovian signals from our technological masters? Or will we take active roles in the postindustrial revolution? Both sf and rock raise these necessary questions about our future, and offer synthetic options.

—Brad Balfour

## Editor's Note

*Aaah, those little mistakes in life—such as our reporting that longtime fantasy and science-fiction artist Norman Saunders, who did the original "Mars Attacks!" cards, is dead. Not true. Thanks to our correspondent Bhob Stewart, we found that artist Saunders still resides on Manhattan's Upper West Side, and although he's hit eighty is still at it, creating those classic images. We hope to see more of him in HM. Again, our apologies to Norman. But as the old saying goes, he took the news of his death well.*

*And while we are on the subject of mistakes—Adal Alberto Maldonado's story "Stolen Moments" (HM, February 1982) acquired a few extra words in panel four. It should have said, "Adolfo, don't you realize you dreamt the world, so now the world can dream you?" Oooops.*

*One more to go: In our January issue the article by Lance Chudnow entitled "Technological Commitments" contained two errors. The Linn Sondek model is LP-12, and "Regal Planar" should read "Rega Planar."*

# CHAIN MAIL

Dear Julie Simmons-Lynch & Chain Mail:

Since I am a charter subscriber, surely it isn't drooly knee-jerk enthusiasm that urges me to write: Segrelles's "The Mercenary" is the very best art I have ever seen in *HM*. Complete, hyper-detailed, brilliant *realism*—in pure fantasy! I hope there's a lot more Segrelles to come, and I wish he'd painted the covers of about half of my sf and fantasy novels rather than some of those . . .others.

This sort of beauty-from-genius makes the idiocy of "The Immortals' Fete" and (the interminable) 'Rock Opera" acceptable, if not bearable. I very much hope that if it ever ends, someone writes a script worthy of Kierkegaard's often beautiful painting.

Andrew J. Offutt
Haldeman, Ky.

Ed:

"Rock Opera" is the most entertaining and coherent sociopolitical statement on this planet. *U.S. News and World Distort* and *Pravda* notwithstanding!

Buckie Pashear
Gunnison, Colo.

*Agreed!*

—*ls*

Dear Euphonic Envisionaries and Masses of Plasmic Retributes of *Heavy Metal*:

We think that Paul Kirchner's "The Bus" envelops the full dynamic range of perspeculatory cataclysm. In Paul's art, psychoantagonistic aspects of spatial distortion are drawn to us through misceptions that occur between cranial lobes. Please tell Paul that he is a major catalyst of Brainoactive Space Spasms.

Bill Shure
Michael Siegel
Baltimore, Md.

*Couldn't agree with you more, guys.*

*ls*

Dear *Heavy Metal*:

You've been continually progressing this year and have weeded out almost all the garbage that has infested *HM*. [*Whew! And we thought we'd missed some!—ls*] However, series like "The Immortals' Fete" I can do without! It wouldn't be so bad if it weren't for the grotesque art and wretched coloring. The story itself is quite good, and I wouldn't mind seeing Bilal write a story so long as he doesn't do the the illustrations.

Michael E. Iacca
Bloomfield, N.J.

*Couldn't disagree with you more, guy.*

—*ls*

Dear Ed:

Constructive Criticism: There's too much Corben, and he's overrated. On the plus side, "Changes" was one of the best things ever. Will Howarth be doing any more work for you? I hope so; it was A-1 essential reading.

Robert Connolly
Lancashire, England

*Matt Howarth's "Changes" provoked a totally polarized reader response—people thought it was either brilliant or the worst horsesnot ever published. The editorial powers here are equally divided. Personally, I'm quite fond of horsesnot.*

—*ls*

Dear Julie and John:

I find little to enthuse about in *HM* anymore. When I looked at the cover of the August issue, in fact, what sprang immediately to mind was, of course, *Epic*. There seems to be a concerted effort to make *HM* out *Epic Epic*. Consider the cute neo-Wolverton "5.00," by Mark Fisher, "Pigs on the Wing," and "Cody Starbuck." Then, in the October issue, "Shagsbeard [*sic*] for Americans," "The Mercenary," "Nil-Gish," "Tales of the Galactic Inn," and "Fever." Are *any* of these worth the space? Does anything happen of interest, so far as story or graphics are concerned, that hasn't been done, and done much better, elsewhere and elsewhen? And that October cover—nothing, I think has ever embodied TITillation more eloquently or vapidly.

Larry Stark
Decorah, Iowa

Dear *Heavy Metal* People:

I am getting pretty disgusted with your cover policy lately. I have the last nine issues before me, and every single one contains an unclad or scantily clad lady. I don't think this is a good representation of what your magazine is all about. This isn't *Playboy*. When I think back on some of your past covers by the likes of Moebius, Wrightson, Druillet, and others, I just don't understand why you're doing it. Keep the outside as diverse as the inside, and everything will be just fine with me.

Bill Tulp
Missoula, Mont.

*It's simple, really. In a word: money. Covers cluttered with buns and jugs produce a noticeable rise (so to speak) in newsstand sales, our accountant, David Stockman, informs us.*

—*ls*

DEDII
Tarn, left alone by Moda, was attacked by a strange creature, who was in turn attacked by the unusual Muvovum folk. Now a prisoner, Tarn awoke in a cell with Moda. It looked like curtains for both of them.
© 1981 RICHARD CORBEN
Welcome my friends. Come on in and sit down. Let me have them bring you a refreshment

I'm really so glad you came. It seems like years since I've had human company.
Oh, pardon me. Where are my manners? I am Jord. What are your names?
Oh, look who has come out to see the company. This is Jordella. Isn't she just the cutest little thing?
I don't understand. Who are you? What is going on here?
I am Tarn of Zegium. This is my servant, Moda.
I'm very glad to meet you, Tarn . . and Moda.

There you are. It's honey wine. Taste it! It's delicious.

PURR
PURR
Kitchy, kitchy! She just loves being scratched on her chin
Jordella, this is Tarn and Moda. Aren't you glad they came to see us?
Awww, look at that. She wants to get acquainted. Hee, hee
SNIFF
SHLOP
Do you like Tarn Jordella? Is he the best?
SNIFF
SNIFF
SHLORF
KOOOOOOO
SNARF
SSSHHLOORP!
Oh, I see You like Moda. Go ahead, sweetie

AAAG
The damned thing bit me
EEEEEEEEE
THUD
Hey, what?
You shouldn't have done that, Moda
You've made Jordella angry
SSSSSLLSSS
She doesn't want you for her lover now
Wait! What is happening here? Let us go!

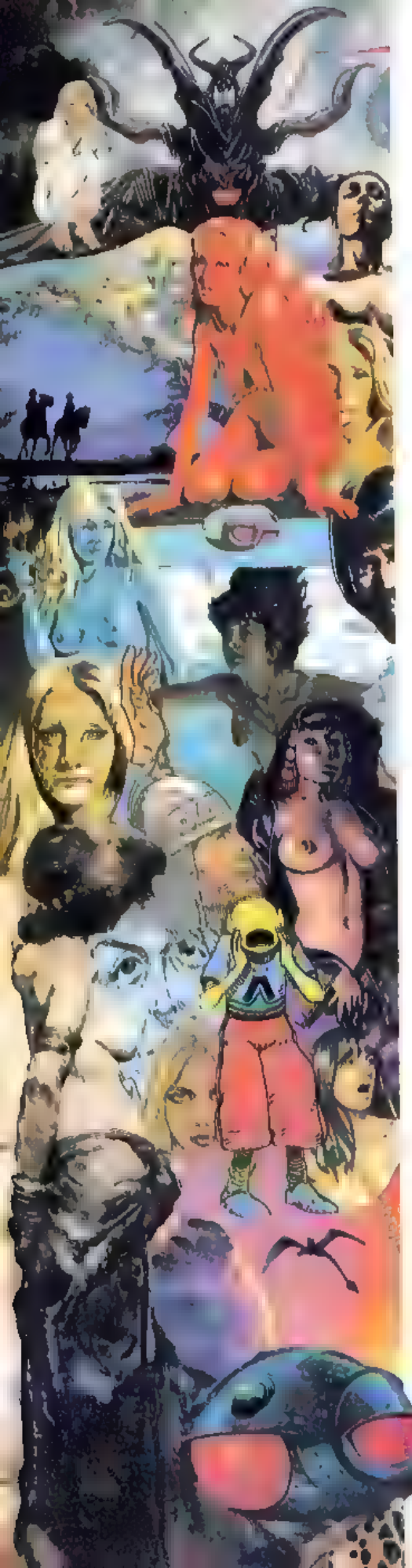
NO! NO! AAAAAAAAAAAAGGGG!

AAAAAAAAARRRRGGHH!

Mutta, I fear I'll never see you again

Zeg, Scon Muuta, Dort Moda, Lome
Taz Blem Krag Naap are they
all dead?
And Tam he saved my life Would
they still be alive if I had stayed?

To Be Continued



# HEAVY METAL

# COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

**#1/APRIL 1977** SORRY –SOLD OUT!

**#2/MAY 1977**: Russian astronauts Roger the paranoid puppet Conquering Armies the ultimate rock festival and more $4.00

**#3/JUNE 1977** Macedo's Rockblitz the highly praised Shells the beginning of Davis's World Apart Moebius Corben Bode more ($3.00)

**#4/JULY 1977** Lots of Moebius Arzach plus part one of The Long Tomorrow also, the final installment of Sunpot ($3.00

**#5/AUGUST 1977** The saga of Polonius begins The Long Tomorrow concludes and World Apart and Den continue ($3.00

**#6/SEPTEMBER 1977** Roger Zelazny has a short story and Moebius a space opera plus more World Apart Den and Polonius ($3.00

**#7/OCTOBER 1977** Fiction by Theodore Sturgeon Moebius's Airtight Garage Den and Polonius back again, yet more ($3.00)

**#8/NOVEMBER 1977** New Harlan Ellison fiction nine color pages by Moebius and Rimbaud conclusions for Polonius and World Apart $3.00

**#9/DECEMBER 1977** Extra pages for the complete Vuzz by Druillet Fortune's Fool by Chaykin and Wein plus full-color contributions from Corben Macedo Claveloux and Moebius $3.00

**#10/JANUARY 1978** Morrow illustrates Zelazny Lob and Richard update *Ulysses* Conquering Armies concludes Den continues ($3.00

**#11/FEBRUARY 1978** New adventures of Barbarella wraparound cover and center spread by Nino plus Moebius Corben et al $3.00)

**#12/MARCH 1978** Swashbuckling Orion makes a debut courtesy of Gray Morrow and there's more Barbarella more Jim and yet more Den ($3.00

**#13/APRIL 1978** Our first anniversary issue! A thirty-page insert from Paradise 9 and Barbarella gives birth while Den wraps it up ($3.00

**#14/MAY 1978**: Jim the Mad waves bye-bye but Orion and Barbarella continue and Alex Nino tips his hat $3.00)

**#15/JUNE 1978** Corben introduces Shahrazad Sturgeon's classic More Than Human is illustrated more Barbarella, and the origins of Heilman ($3.00

**#16/JULY 1978** A happy ending for Barbarella a sad ending for 1996, the resumption of Druillet's Ga and yet more Heilman Orion More Than Human and Corben's Arabian Nights ($3.00

**#17/AUGUST 1978** SORRY— SOLD OUT!

**#18/SEPTEMBER 1978**: Corben's Sindbad Moebius's Major Heilman Orion Long Sloane on Gail and Harlan Ellison too ($3.00

**#19/OCTOBER 1978** Exterminator 17 Ellison's illustrated Glass Goblin the debut of McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous plus the usual ($3.00

**#20/NOVEMBER 1978** Twenty pages of the Delany Chaykin Empire more Sindbad Exterminator Major Grubert Heilman's final rebirth, more ($3.00)

**#21/DECEMBER 1978** The stocking's full with Orion Kirchner's Tarot and twelve beautiful pages of Moebius ($3.00)

**#22/JANUARY 1979** Trina makes her debut here and Druillet concludes "Gail" plus McKie and Corben How much can you take? ($3.00

**#23/FEBRUARY 1979**: Galactic Geographic Starcrown Corben's Sindbad McKie's So Beautiful and So Dangerous plus Moebius Bilal and Macedo ($3.00)

**#24/MARCH 1979**: Twenty pages of Chaykin illustrating Bester's The Stars My Destination Starcrown II and Ellison's late show ($3.00

**#25/APRIL 1979** Our second birthday bash with Chaykin and Wein's Gideon Faust the Alien portfolio and Vaughn Mayerik's Time Out And much more ($3.00

**#26/MAY 1979**: It's all American (except for Druillet's Dancin and a Proust joke) fifteen entries including Corben Morrow the illustrated Alien ($3.00

**#27/JUNE 1979**: Fifty-four pages of Captain Future plus more illustrated Alien, and the final episode of So Beautiful and So Dangerous ($3.00

**#28/JULY 1979** Bode's Zooks premieres Corben's Sindbad concludes Morrow and Moebius continue Mike Hinge debuts ($3.00)

**#29/AUGUST 1979**: Caza steals the show with New Ark City plus Mayerik Suydam Galactic Geographic Bode more $3.00

**#30/SEPTEMBER 1979** Elric Buck Rogers a lizard named Elvis and Little Red Vette alongside Moebius and Moebius $3.00

**#31/OCTOBER 1979** Halloween strikes with a tribute to H.P. Lovecraft with Moebius Braccia Druillet Suydam others ($3.00

**#32/NOVEMBER 1979** Let us give thanks for Corben's Rowlf Bode's Zooks Brunner's Elric Chaykin's The Stars My Destination Moebius and more ($3.00)

**#33/DECEMBER 1979**: A Christmas package from Caza Corben Kofoed Suydam Silks Trina Moebius and Ellison plus Gnomes and Giants ($3.00

**#34/JANUARY 1980** A new year a new decade — begins with a new look for *HM* with the debut of four new columnists new artists Neal McPheeters and Dan Steffan the conclusion of Corben's "Rowlf" and much more! $3.00

**#35/FEBRUARY 1980**: An eerie Courtain cover adorns this winter issue Corben's The Beast of Wolfton begins McKie experiments with the Air Pump and we join Matt Howarth on a crazed acid trip $3.00)

**#36 MARCH 1980** Why did The Crevasse take Jeannelle? For the answer read the Schuiten Bros. strip Plus Corben Matena Moebius and Lee Marrs's Good Vibrations ($3.00)

**#37/APRIL 1980** Our third anniversary issue — thirty-two pages of "Champakou" in living color the final installment of Moebius's Airtight Garage, plus Caza, Bilal Howarth Corben Bode and more ($3.00)

**#38/MAY 1980** Does the Supreme Alchemist exist? Will Axle ever find out? Will Champakou reach the Dor of Jada? Will Joe strike out with the alien Marilyn too? Take a look We'll never tell ($3.00

**#39/JUNE 1980** Champakou meets his fate, while Captain Stamp saves the day And in their revenge the Flying Wallendas vs. Earth! ($3.00)

**#40/JULY 1980**: The Alchemist Supreme continues with Axle learning the truth about his sidekick Musky Bilal's "Progress" begins and Moebius returns with "Shore Leave" $3.00)

**#41/AUGUST 1980** Druillet returns with the first installment of Salammbo while Moebius concludes "Shore Leave" (and is interviewed) Bilal continues "Progress" $3.00)

**#42/SEPTEMBER 1980**: The Alchemist Supreme concludes while Bilal's "Progress" picks up steam Ernie Colon, Paul Kirchner and Leo Duranona all contribute nifty shorts while "Rock Opera" gets stranger yet ($3.00)

**#43/OCTOBER 1980**: Our Special Rock Issue packed with goodies by McKie Moebius, Voss, Spain Druillet Yeates Ha Howarth Kierkegaard Jr. Colon and Matena and not to be missed! $3.00)

**#44/NOVEMBER 1980:** With the *Shogun* spirit ablaze. Ith s issue s cover by Hajime Sorayama is definitely n its element nside we give you some ovely Claveloux. Moebius Kaluta. Springett and Bilal. ,$3.00)

**#45/DECEMBER 1980** Premiering Corben s illustrated Bloodstar Crepax's Valentina and Godard and Ribera s What s Reality Papa? Plus The Cutter of the Fog, Rock Opera and Moebius! ($3.00)

**#46/JANUARY 1981** Jeronaton returns with "Woman." Don Wood makes his *HM* debut with "Bang Hah" Plus more Corben. Godard and Ribera, Mezières, and Rock Opera Moebius tells us 'There s a Prince Charming on Phenuxon Don't miss it $3.00)

**#47/FEBRUARY 1981** William S Burroughs discusses Civilian Defense. while "The Horny Goof" an inimitable Moebius character gets himself n and outa trouble Special added attraction Pages from Jeff Jones's *Yesterday's Lily* and an interview with the man himself! ($3.00)

**#48/MARCH 1981**, Tex Arcana," John Findley's epic Western begins 'What Is Reality Papa?" and "The Ambassador of the Shadows continue and Druillet s interpretation of Flaubert s classic *Salammbo* comes to an end Plus. Harlan Ellison s ever timely essay on violence in America ($3.00)

**#49/APRIL 1981**, Art and the Nazis Corben s 'Bloodstar, G mënez s Good-bye Soldier Harry North s Stories from London. and an interview with Julio Ribera Dl'n't think we could do it In one shot did ya? ($3.00)

**#50/MAY 1981** The premiere of Chaykin s 'Cody Starbuck' and Bilal's The Immortals' Fete' Plus Suydam s "The Tor Bridge and a William S. Burroughs piece on Immortality ($3.00)

**#51/JUNE 1981** The first insta ment of the Richard Corben nterview in view Jim Steranko s adaptation of *Outland* premieres, and Howarth s 'Changes winds up P us Caza, Chaykin Crepax, and our own John Workman! ($3.00)

**#52/JULY 1981** Stephen K ng terrifies with The Blue Air Compressor Jim Steranko s adaptation of *Outland* continues while Chris Moore s fantastic pinup girl wraps it all up ($3.00)

**#53/AUGUST 1981** Spinrad on the mmoral Majority, the third part of the Corben interview. plus a sixteen-page pullout section on the making of the *Heavy Metal* movie. ($3.00)

**#54/SEPTEMBER 1981** Richard Corben s 'Den I,' Jeff Jones s I'm Age. Juan Gimenez s "Infantrymen nfantrymen t," and Tim Lucas s interview with the masters of horror ($3.00)

**#55/OCTOBER 1981** Shakespeare for Americans the first episode of Segrelles s Mercenary a gallery section devoted to Philippe Druillet plus Jeff Jones Enki Bilal, and Steranko ($3.00)

**#56/NOVEMBER 1981** Jeronaton s 'Egg of the World Jeff Jones Segrelles, and Bi a a frame the art of Leo and Diane Dillon beautifully ($3.00)

**#57/DECEMBER 1981** Strange encounters with Debbie Harry Jeffrey Jones Segrelles. and Corben. Plus the odd ending to 'The Immortals Fete.' ($3.00)

**#58/JANUARY 1982**' Our 'Happy Future' issue. Includes Arno Loustal, Voss. He. and Gillon, and "The Autonomous Man. by Davis. Chudnow. and Balfour All surrounded by Chaykin and Simonson, Segrelles, Steranko, et al ($3.00)

**#59/FEBRUARY 1982**' Begins with the further adventures of John Difool in "The Incal Light" Wein and Chaykin s Gideon Faust gets going—again Plus Fernandez Jones, Schuiten. et al ($3.00)

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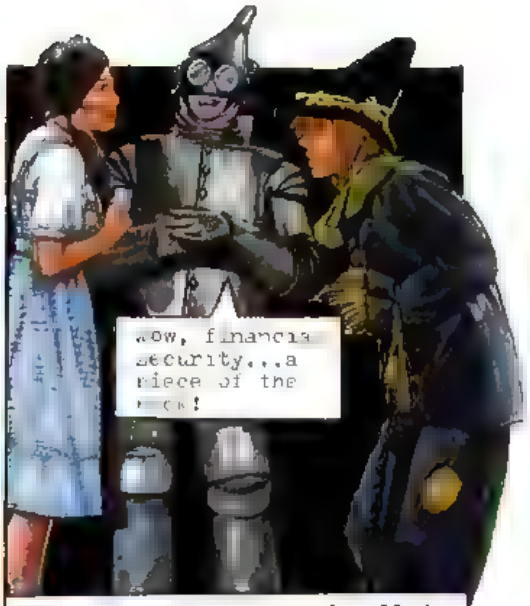
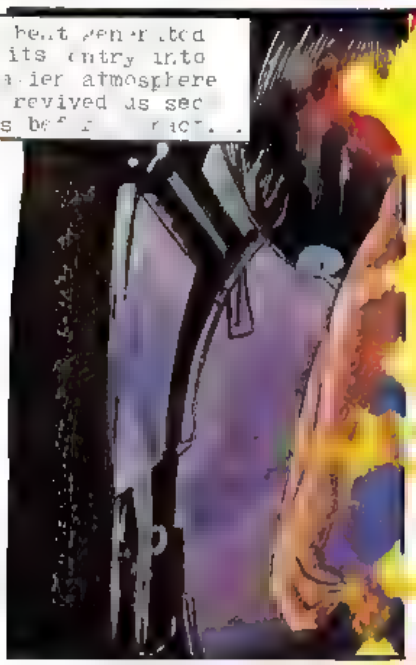
We had awakened from our frozen sleep to find ourselves living in a dream world—but what price would our menacingly genial host exact for our lives?
, my young friend—it is now your turn to have a fantasy come true.
No, I'd really rather not—
As soon as I'd spoken, we seemed to be whisked into another reality, acquiring bizarre costumes during the transformation.
Well, I guess I'd like to have a real human face.
But I insist...
I could only guess at my new appearance—
How do I look? Do I have a new face?
Where the hell are we, anyway?
Um, no not exactly.

I guess we'll have to find Mr. Gabriel so he can give the Collywog a face.
Hey, Banza! Wait for us!
Jutnt follow de Black Athphalt Road!
We had entered the domain of a powerful wizard...
At the end of the turnpike stood a mighty city made entirely out of gray concrete.
Please, sir-- we've come to get a new face for my friend




But as I wavered, Banzai pulled away a side curtain to reveal a familiar figure at the "wizard"'s controls.

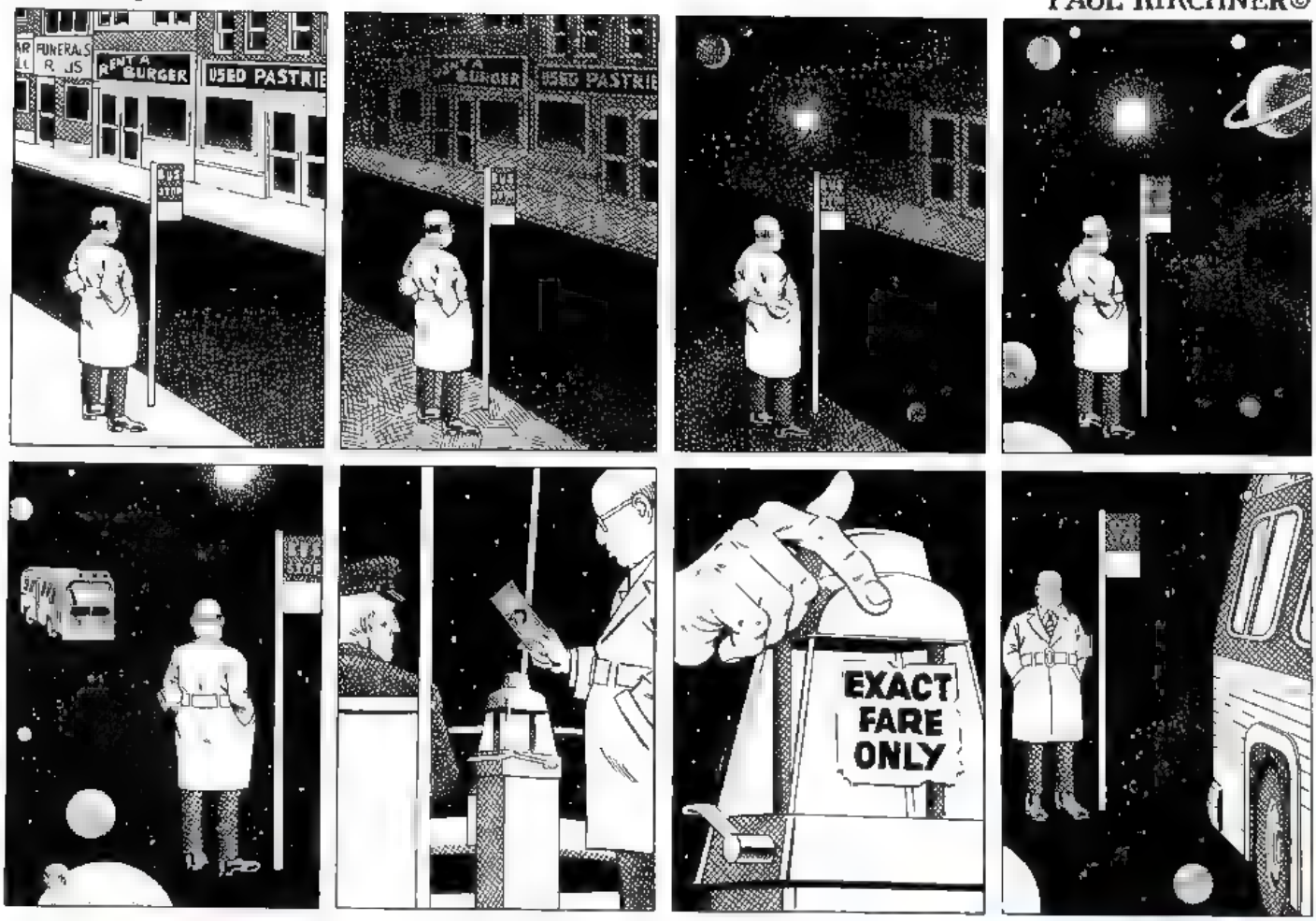


It was General Banzai who saved us. Screeching with pain, he kicked out one of the windows and disappeared into the darkness.
WAAUGH!

©1982 ROD "THE COWARDLY CARTOONIST" KIERKEGAARD To Be Continued

# the bus

PAUL KIRCHNER©



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## COMING

The April issue is so chock full o' new and exciting strips that frankly we don't even know where to begin Let's see . . .

In addition to the continuations of **Moebius**'s "The Incal Light" and **Garcia**'s "Nova II," we premiere **Bilal**'s newest strip, "The City That Didn't Exist" (the title says it all).

Plus: **Nicole Claveloux** makes a splendid comeback with her surreal strip "The Whore and Prince Charming." All the while we excerpt the new illustrated book *She* and meet via writer **Toby Goldstein** the noted **J. G. Ballard.**

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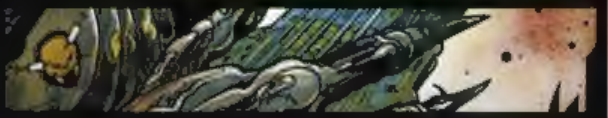

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March 1982
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